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"AFTER YOU!"—BY BERNARD MUNNS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What mornings these are for not getting up in, if one can help it! The philosophers may say what they like, but in this weather one is inclined to agree with the poet, "A man who is so fond of stirring must be a spoon." Early risers belong to that class of people who, being virtuous, decree that there shall be no more cakes and ale for anybody. They have a hypocritical cheerfulness about them which is very offensive: "Arouse ye, arouse ye, my merry men, it is our opening day!" but we are not at all merry; we are exceedingly sleepy and cross, and resent this cutting short of our slumbers. In summer there is a good deal to be said in favour of their cult; we lose half the beauties of Nature through laziness; but to get up by gaslight seems contrary to Nature. Those who express their wonder at what our far-away ancestors found to do with themselves without literature, art, and science forget that in winter, at all events, they must have slept like dormice. They had neither gas nor candles, and they could hardly have gone on their marauding expeditions in pitch darkness. Some winters back I had occasion to sleep in an hotel in the near neighbourhood of a model lodging-house. In the middle of the night, as it seemed, I was awakened by a violent knocking; it was not administered by a knocker but by a thick stick, and apparently on closed shutters. At first I thought a fire had broken out, but there were no signs of it: and the knocking went on for hours. I found out the next day—or, indeed, *that* day, though it didn't look like it—that this horrible disturbance was caused by "morning callers," men whose mission it is to wake workmen who have to be up exceptionally early. This is a profession which one cannot fancy its members ever getting fond of; though, as is evident, persons who are up early themselves take a fiendish pleasure in waking up other people. Like those who take cold baths every morning, however low the temperature, they want to make their fellow-creatures also shiver and shake.

It is curious how differently this matter is regarded by old people and young. One of the most doleful cries I remember was that uttered every morning by our school manservant, who walked through the dark dormitories exclaiming, "A quarter to seven, gents, a quarter to seven!" but I should not feel so willing to murder him now. In that most beautiful chapter in Ecclesiastes describing the effects of old age, we are told that old men arise "at the voice of the bird," if (alas!) their deafness enables them to hear it. The bird is, of course, the "early village cock." Is it because, as our years increase, we need less sleep, or is it a pathetic attempt to see as much of life during the short span that remains to us as possible? At all events, it ought to make us more charitable to youthful sluggards. If they pass the "small hours" in dissipation, indeed, there is no excuse to be made for them, but otherwise, when Nature says "Sleep" she is generally the best judge of the matter. For my part, I believe the benefits, and even in many cases the necessity, of sleep are greatly underrated. I hear that by certain doctors "a day in bed" once a fortnight or so is now recommended to delicate persons, and I believe it is a good prescription.

The cruelties inflicted upon live animals in their passage by train are terrible to read of. It is not possible to eat Christmas fare with any appetite, when we know what tortures turkeys and geese have had to go through before they reach our table. Beasts, too, are packed like herrings in a barrel, or figs in a drum, and denied food and water on long journeys. A correspondent of the *Daily News* saw in Newcastle "eight live geese packed closely in one canvas sack, with holes for their heads and necks to come through, the rest of their bodies being so cramped that they could not stand, but were forced to lie on their sides." The brutalities inflicted on dumb animals in Italy are defended by a religious population upon the ground that "they have no souls." One would imagine that this should be the very reason for clemency, since in another world there will be no compensation for them; but from persons who regard with complacency the future fate of those who differ from them in creed humanity is scarcely to be expected. It is significant that the mutilation of cattle is only practised by the most superstitious peasantry in the world. But in England there is really no such excuse for this ill-treatment of animals. It is not probable that our cattle and fowl dealers concern themselves about the souls of these unhappy creatures. Perhaps it is not so much brutality as carelessness that lies at the root of these atrocities, but surely something ought to be done to put a stop to them. It is not to be wondered at that cruelty to man—and especially to women and children—is so much on the increase, when we note this callousness to the sufferings of animals. In Hogarth's "Seven Stages of Cruelty" we behold the course of this hateful vice running just as it runs to-day.

Cheques are, no doubt, very convenient. No one minds signing a cheque, even if he knows it will be honoured, so much as pulling out his purse and paying the same amount in bank-notes; but still it has its disadvantages. It is a

permanent record of the operation, and may reappear, as in the case of the Panama scandals, to our great disadvantage. In far less discreditable transactions, but still of a private nature, such as "commissions," a cheque is not so desirable as bank-notes, and bullion is even better. There is something to my mind very attractive in those canvas bags tied with red tape and full of golden sovereigns which I see pushed across my banker's counter, though never to me. I am told that by shaking them about—"sweating," as it is technically called—one can get gold-dust: a truly delightful occupation. No pleasure of this kind is to be derived from a cheque. In some cases, too, little social difficulties arise from the endorsement. The cheque may be to bearer, but if it is changed by a tradesman he likes to have the "party's" name at the back of it, and sometimes when the cheque comes back to the drawer he can't understand how that name appears on it. An old gentleman gave a cheque to his son the other day, when this very circumstance happened, and the "party" being of the feminine gender, explanations had to be given, which, by the report of the case, seem to have been far from satisfactory.

The excuses for taking "a drop too much" one would have supposed to have been exhausted; but a gentleman at Highgate, accused of being drunk and disorderly, has discovered a new one. He had been, he said, to visit the poet Crabbe's grave, and became overcome by his emotions. In the case of Burns or Tom Moore such an effect might be imagined; but one would have thought that no associations with so eminently respectable a bard as Crabbe could be of a bacchanalian character. Notwithstanding, indeed, that many poets have written in praise of liquor, it is unusual for persons to get drunk at their graves, or even in toasting their memories. It is, it is true, on record that the admirably conducted Wordsworth did once take more than was good for him, on Milton's birthday—"a mere professional occasion," sneers De Quincey, who thought it would have been better for Wordsworth if he had "taken his whack," like other people.

It is pleasant to see the French doing their best to free themselves from the imputation of having no humour. M. Scholl writes of the Panama scandals: "An enterprise which has put money in nearly everybody's pocket can only be described as a blessing to the nation." The shareholders, it is true, are rather numerous, but those who have benefited at their expense are much the more worthy of consideration. As to the bribing of the newspapers, one editor has actually brought an action for libel upon the ground that the sum alleged to have been paid to his journal is understated, a circumstance which manifestly decreases its importance. Even in America one scarcely looks for greater drollery than this. It would seem that with French editors their "palmy" time is when they are getting their hands greased.

In England there has never, so far as I know, been any bribery of newspapers. A generation or two ago a London paper was said to have been financed by the Emperor of the French, and now and then, even to this day, there are reports of this and that journal being the organ of some foreign monarch. They are probably untrue, and in any case it would not be bribery but purchase. Some papers, chiefly of the fashionable kind, no doubt show a marked tenderness for their habitual advertisers, but that is on the principle of one good turn deserving another: the matter is too transparent to be unprincipled. As to "logrolling," of which so much has been written, the price paid to critics for favourable reviews have, it is understood, "ruled" very low. There is no more truth in the allegation than in that of Lord Byron where he tells us—

I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.

The present is a time in which many writers have awakened in the morning to find themselves famous—and deservedly famous. When one reads the dull judgments that are sometimes delivered—as, indeed, they always have been by the praisers of the past—upon modern literature, how the Augustan age is fled, and the world produces no more men of genius, one wonders where such critics have been in hiding to have such small knowledge of what is taking place around them. In fiction alone there are three writers who, while still in their youth, have taken England by storm, and who in any other age would have done the like. Nor is it true because the greatest of our singers has been taken from us that there are none worthy to wear the laurel. Mr. William Watson is the latest and the youngest of the aspirants to it; whether worthier or less worthy than the others it is not for me to say, but there can be no question with anyone who knows anything of the subject that he is a true poet. He has hitherto only published, I believe, two small volumes of verse, but each of them containing poems of remarkable beauty, and now he gives us a third as full of promise and of higher performance. It is a very little book with a somewhat affected title, "Lachrymæ Musarum"—reminding one of Miss Amory's "Mes Larmes"—but within all is natural enough. In it is

reprinted the poem written on Tennyson's death which appeared in this Journal, and which certainly can compete with anything composed at the same time on the same subject—

Lo, in this season, pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers,
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter's silence shall be ours:
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

The poem called "The Dream of Man" is dedicated to "London, my hostess," a city which, curiously enough, he does not seem to have been aware has been hymned by two bards already; but his treatment of it is quite novel. Himself an alien, the nursling of a northern sky, his love for the moorland and the sea is intense—

Yet, from thy presence if I go,
By woodlands deep
Or ocean-fringes, thou, I know,
Wilt haunt my sleep;
Thy restless tides of life will foam
Still in my sight,
Thy imperturbable dark dome
Will crown my night.
O sea of living waves that roll
On golden sands,
Or break on tragic reef and shoal
'Mid fatal lands;
O forest wrought of living leaves,
Some filled with Spring,
Where joy life's festal raiment weaves,
And all birds sing—
Some trampled in the miry ways,
Or whirled along
By fury of tempestuous days—
Take thou my song.

Space does not admit of further quotation, but almost all that is in this little book is good; it reminds one of Tennyson, not as an echo of another's song, but in its grace, its music, and, above all, in its admirable choice of epithets, as when he describes the harmonies of Shelley, a kindred bard—

And in his gusts of song he brings
Wild odours shaken from strange wings,
And unfamiliar whispers
From far lips blown,
While all the rapturous heart of things
Throbs through his own.

The result of the trial of what may be called Music v. Noise will not give universal satisfaction. It seems clear, indeed, that the nuisance was caused on one side (of the party wall) in the ordinary course of business, and on the other as reprisals; but it is doubtful whether continual practice at the piano is not as offensive to one's neighbour as the banging of tea-trays. It is one of those things which one would think civilisation would have rendered impossible, not to mention the duty to one's neighbour; but the selfishness of humanity seems in this matter to be unaffected by education or morality. In the present case the defendant acted with injudiciousness and impetuosity; his remonstrance was couched in irritating and obnoxious terms, and it is hardly to be wondered at that it was disregarded. There is a doubt, however, whether it would have been listened to if it had been dictated by Lord Chesterfield. The whole affair is eminently disappointing to the public mind, and can hardly be satisfactory even to the winning side, for, though the banging of tea-trays is interdicted for the future, the judge expressly stated that the injunction did not affect any "musical evenings" the defendant might choose to give. He is still, therefore, at liberty to use cornets and bassoons as weapons of offence, which, though "musical instruments," remind one of the "crowbars and other sedatives" recommended by the burglar. It was evidently an error in judgment that he didn't try his hand—both hands—at the cymbals.

Contempt of Court, about which so much has been written of late, is a matter with which all judges have not held the same opinion. Lord Camden thought it a dangerous weapon, liable to abuse. "The discretion of a judge," he says, "is always unknown; it is different in different men, it is casual, and depends upon constitution, temper, and passion. At the best it is caprice, at the worst it is every passion to which human nature is liable." A pert young Scotch advocate, whose case had gone against him, had the temerity to exclaim that "he was much astonished at such a decision," whereupon the Court was about to commit him to the Tolbooth, when John Scott, afterwards Eldon, the counsel on the other side, interfered in his favour: "My Lords, my learned friend is young; if he had known your Lordships as long as I have done, he would not have expressed astonishment at any decision of your Lordships." An apology which seemed to satisfy them.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The Muse of History and the Spirit of Religion lend their countenance to the December reviews, but not, I am afraid, with the effect of creating that harmony which ought to be the atmosphere of both. First comes Mr. Froude's Oxford lecture in *Longman's*, every line of it steeped in controversial animus. Mr. Froude will have nothing to do with the scientific method of history. He can discover no progress in the annals of mankind. He pooh-poohs evolution and sneers at liberty. Under the most absolute form of monarchy the peoples, he thinks, have always had as much liberty as was good for them. He is in favour of the government of the ignorant by the wise, but of wisdom he vouchsafes no definition. All this is Carlyle at second-hand, and a sufficient test of its value is a reflection on the parlous state to which this country would have attained had the Chelsea philosopher exercised supreme control over its destinies. Mr. Froude is going to favour the Oxford students—that is to say, the male students—with the biography of illustrious men, this being the only form of history he cares about. His choice of the illustrious will no doubt be as delightfully arbitrary as it was in the hands of Carlyle. I say the male students of Oxford, for, as I learn from Mr. Mark Reid in *Macmillan's*, the invasion of Mr. Froude's lecture-room by women has deeply offended that professor: Mr. Mark Reid cannot for the life of him understand why women should want to learn anything about history, even from Mr. Froude. In *Blackwood* there is an interesting paper on Dr. Gardiner's researches into the history of the Long Parliament. Dr. Gardiner is an historian who does not enjoy Mr. Froude's reputation for inaccuracy. They are both laborious students. Mr. Froude says he ransacked thousands of documents in the course of his twenty years' task in writing his history of England. He relates with pride how he came across a memorandum in the crabbed scrawl of Philip II., and how his translation carried off the palm from the most expert clerks of the archives. Yet Mr. Froude's errors, not only in his historical work but also in his observations as a traveller, have furnished more than one volume. Nobody writes books, however, to show that Dr. Gardiner is always blundering, and I presume that even the most rigorous industry does not save an historian from colour-blindness when he happens to hold a brief.

Religious inspiration has prompted Mr. St. George Mivart to write a remarkable paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, which he calls "Happiness in Hell." According to Mr. Mivart, hell is simply the deprivation of heaven, and may contain many degrees of contentment. As an ingenious attempt to make the best of both worlds, this may supply Mr. Huxley with a diversion from Mr. Frederic Harrison's retort in the *Fortnightly*. The apostles of Positivism and Agnosticism cannot agree, though, as Mr. Harrison remarks, they have a common background. It is in the foreground that the trouble arises. Mr. Harrison even accuses Mr. Huxley of "quoting half a sentence, suppressing the other half, ignoring the context, and twisting selected words into a new meaning." To illustrate his point, Mr. Harrison tells a sprightly anecdote of an Oxford divine who wanted to confute the Papal theory that Peter was the chief Apostle. The Oxford divine quoted Christ: "Lo! I am with ye all ('ways' *sotto voce*).". It is instructive to find two professors, in the serene atmosphere which is far above theological disputation, engaging in this amiable altercation. To them enters Dr. Momerie in the *Fortnightly* with a modest prediction of the future of religion. Ecclesiastics are to be suppressed at no distant date, and the Christianity of Christ is to supersede the Christianity of Christendom. This is almost as lucid as Professor Simon's dictum in the *Contemporary* that the real remedy for religious doubt is a perception that the dogmas of Christianity do not depend on the veracity of the Scriptural miracles.

In the domain of politics I suspect that few readers will find much attraction in the proclamations of Labour leaders in the *Nineteenth Century*. Sir Charles Dilke, whom nobody will suspect of a desire to dissolve the Empire, argues, in the *Fortnightly*, with his wonted sobriety of temper that the secret of successful government in India is the employment of native agency, based on native opinion, except in the "essentials" of administration, like the army and finance. Mr. Joseph Thomson is prophetic about Uganda in the *Contemporary*, and Mr. Graham Wallis recalls in the *Fortnightly* a vivid piece of English history in his account of the incidents which nearly precipitated civil war over the first Reform Bill. The purely literary interest of the magazines centres in Mr. Stopford Brooke's paper on Tennyson in the *Contemporary* and Browning in the *Century*. Both essays are really fine and suggestive criticism. There is a passage in the Browning article which may be specially recommended to the various societies who have christened themselves after the poet. Mr. Brooke understands and appreciates Browning thoroughly, but his artistic sense very properly declines to idolise the Browningesque eccentricities of style, which, as he justly says, when painfully elucidated very often betray the poet's lowest range of thought. They have a disastrous effect on the Browning idolaters, who plume themselves on their superior acumen when they discover what the puzzles mean, and become indifferent to some of Browning's finest achievements when these happen to be quite lucid. In *Harper's* Miss Mary Wilkins reveals her capacity for tragedy. Her drama, "Giles Corey, Yeoman," is founded on the abominable superstition of witchcraft which once infested both Old and New England, and the story is

unfolded with a force which the admirers of Miss Wilkins's previous works could scarcely have suspected. *Temple Bar* has an effective plea for Constable, Scott's unfortunate publisher, against Scott's biographers; and another Scott receives a tremendous trouncing in the *Fortnightly* from Mr. Swinburne. This is Mr. William Bell Scott, whose posthumous memoirs have excited the poet's wrath. Mr. Archibald Forbes pays the handsomest tributes, in the *Century*, to the war-correspondents who have been his contemporaries, especially to an extraordinary German named Müller, who revolutionised the war-correspondent's business, carried off the palm from Mr. Forbes himself after the surrender of Metz, and then vanished into space. Mr. George Barlow returns in the *New Review* to his attack on Mr. Irving, and shows his competence as a dramatic critic by the assertion that Miss Ellen Terry is devoid of genius, because she always puts her foot in exactly the same spot at a given moment on the stage. The visual organs of Mr. Barlow are evidently in need of repair. Mr. Thomas Hardy finds a champion in the *Westminster* against Mr. Andrew Lang, and the *Cornhill* publishes some letters of Charles Lamb, one of which begins, "I send you 8 more jests." The most exquisite of humourists had fallen on sad days when he wrote that.

L. F. A.

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert's election to the rank of Royal Academician has been hailed with satisfaction. The critics are pleased and likewise the students of the Royal Academy Schools, who rapturously applauded the new "Immortal" on his appearance in the lecture-room at the distribution of prizes last week. They felt that here, at any rate, was a man devoted heart

he only asks to be left alone. He sends to Burlington House just the unpremeditated work of the year, and sometimes not even that, for a certain allegorical centrepiece in silver was never publicly shown. Take 1891, when his exhibits were simply a bust of Mr. Tate, another of a lady, a working model for a jewel in silver-gilt and gold, and a statuette of "Victory" in silver. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gilbert, like the great craftsmen of the Middle Ages, would work at all the handicrafts. Metal has a great fascination for him, and perhaps he is quite as happy hammering silver into quaint devices as in modelling. "Were I to have my time over again," he remarked once to a friend, "I would apprentice myself to a working goldsmith." His conscientiousness makes it hard for him to please himself. When, for example, his chain of office for the Mayor of Preston was finished, sent to its destination, and approved, he begged to have it returned to him that he might make the alterations his maturer criticism suggested.

Mr. Gilbert is now thirty-eight years of age, having been born in Berners Street in 1854. His first master was the late Sir Edgar Boehm, who lived to see his pupil recognised and rewarded. In a little while, like so many other clever young craftsmen, he crossed the Channel to study at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, under Cavalier, and to sit at the feet of Mercié, Frémiet, Carpeaux, and Falguière. Three years later he went to Rome, the Mecca of artists, and there produced the "Kiss of Victory." In Rome he stayed many years, and here he made the acquaintance of Marion Crawford. His "Icarus" belongs to this period; and the "Perseus," and later his "Enchanted Chair," exhibited at the Academy of 1886, won many admirers. It was at the Academy that Mr. Luke Fildes, walking round the galleries without a catalogue, after the manner of artists, peering about for unconsidered trifles of talent, came upon a small bronze head. He saw, admired, and determined to purchase. On making inquiries he found that the author of the bronze head was Mr. Alfred Gilbert. This little work is now one of his most valued possessions. In 1890 Mr. Gilbert did not exhibit at Burlington House. This year he was represented by four examples, of which a posthumous bust of the late Baron Huddleston, life-like and remarkable for its skilful modelling, and a charming little group of "Comedy and Tragedy" no doubt assisted the "Immortals" in determining to make him one of themselves.

The Avenue, Fulham Road, where Mr. Gilbert works, is a somewhat ghostly place, with its long corridor cumbered with huge plaster casts turned out into the passage for want of room. Even when you have gained admittance to his studios, there is little of comfort or luxury, for a sculptor's workroom is the antithesis to a painter's studio, with its warmth, its rich rugs, tapestries, gay stuffs, and glinting armour. Figures in white blouses flitting about, the floor splashed with clay, the huge models, needing a constant sprinkling of water to keep them from crumbling—these things show clearly that he who chooses the career of a sculptor chooses an arduous and exacting calling. But Mr. Gilbert, of all men, has least cause for regrets, and all those who care for the most exacting of the arts hope that he will be saved from rheumatism, the fate of so many who work day by day alongside wet clay, and in time be able to write himself down the oldest of the Royal Academicians, as he is now the youngest.

THE LATE SIR BERNARD BURKE.

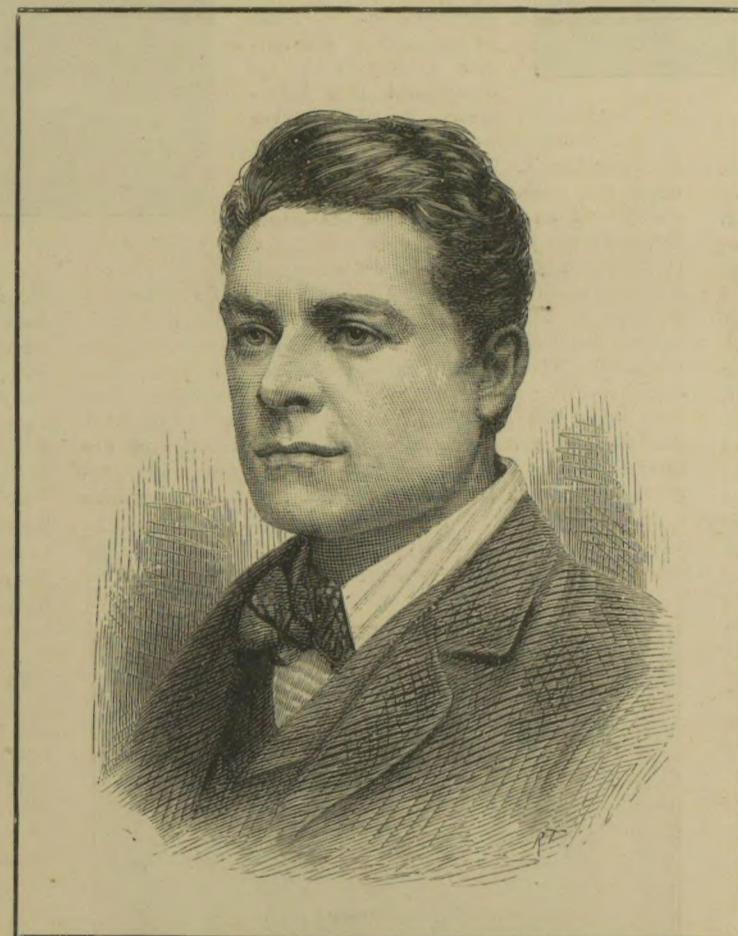
We sincerely regret the death of an old and esteemed contributor to the *Illustrated London News*, an agreeable, courteous, and obliging gentleman, a most diligent and serviceable public officer bearing the grand antique title of "Ulster King of Arms."

Sir John Bernard Burke, Knight-Attendant of the Order of St. Patrick, Companion of the Bath, head of the Heralds' College in Ireland, and Keeper of the State Papers in Dublin Castle, died on Tuesday, Dec. 13, at his house in Upper Leeson Street, Dublin, at the age of seventy-seven. He was born in London, in 1815, second son of Mr. John Burke, and younger brother of the late Serjeant Peter Burke, of the English Bar; was educated at the College of Caen, in Normandy, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1839. He assisted and succeeded his father in the annual editorship of "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage," a famous and most useful work, now in the fifty-fourth year of its publication, which, although not superseding the more ancient "Debrett," now in its 179th year, as a precise record of existing family connections, is a work full of historical instruction, very interesting to students and general readers. Sir Bernard Burke, indeed, possessed, in addition to his great talent of antiquarian research, a genuine literary faculty of discerning the romantic, personal, and social interest of facts belonging to the "Vicissitudes of Families," authentic "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," "Ancestral Seats," and "History of the Landed Nobility and Gentry," subjects which afforded him the titles of several works of permanent value. Of the allied sciences of genealogy and heraldry—the latter being an indispensable aid to the former, he was a most accomplished professor. He was appointed Ulster King of Arms in 1853. During more than a quarter of a century past, he has weekly furnished the obituary notices appearing in this Journal. At the Vice-regal Court of Ireland the loss of this excellent master of the ceremonies, and that of an esteemed citizen of Dublin, will long be regretted. He was also one of the Governors of the National Gallery at Dublin. The official duties of Ulster King of Arms have been recently performed, during Sir Bernard Burke's illness, by his son, Mr. Henry Farnham Burke.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.

and brain to his work, one who had never been known to sell his talents in the open market, and who has always shown himself willing to devote some of his time to helping young art workers over the threshold of difficulties. They also knew him to be the chief representative of the new movement in sculpture—a movement vitalised by himself and such men as Thornycroft, Onslow Ford, Bates, Frampton, and Pegram. To understand the full importance of that movement one has only to walk through the sculpture gallery of an historic mansion, with its rows of dreary, expressionless nymphs and goddesses, doing nothing with statuesque vigour. Small wonder that sculpture should not be popular in England! We must still wait a few years till the new movement has filtered through the critics to the people, or till the County Council seriously sets to work to adorn our streets like those of Paris. Though the public may not be overmuch interested in sculpture, all who have passed through Piccadilly Circus during the past six months have been compelled to notice the compact wooden house which hides from vulgar eyes the erection of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, which is Mr. Gilbert's largest and probably his most important work. We shall soon be slaking our throats at this fountain of dolphins, mermen, and mermaids sporting themselves in the water, which for three years has engaged the talents of the sculptor. Mr. Gilbert's other large work was that magnificent statue of the Queen seated exhibited in the Academy of 1888, an example of how a figure in modern dress can be made regal and dignified. The statue was destined for Winchester, but from all accounts that city, or, rather, the gaminis of Winchester have not behaved kindly to this fine work.

Mr. Gilbert's honours have come to him unsolicited. He has never concerned himself about exhibitions, and he persistently refuses to be interviewed. Like Mr. Burne-Jones,



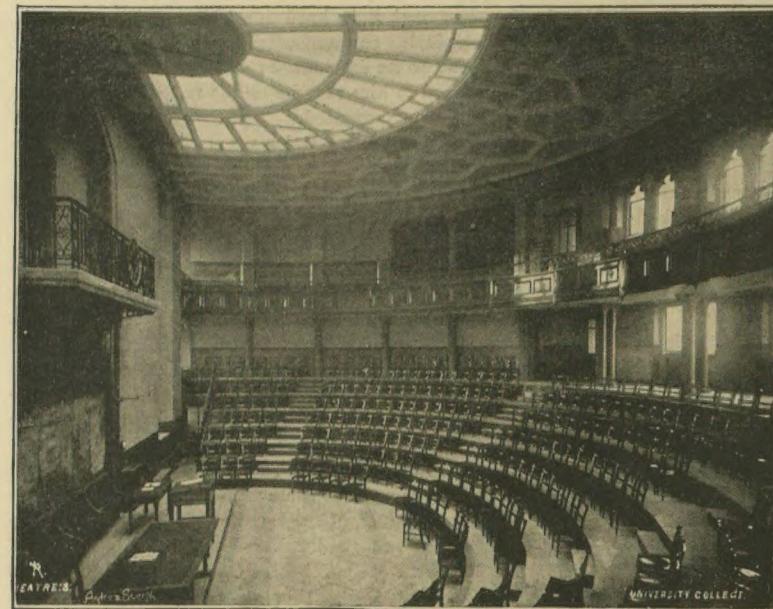
THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

The new "Victoria Building," erected for the Liverpool University College, was opened by Earl Spencer, Chancellor of the Victoria University, on Tuesday, Dec. 13. This college, projected in 1878 and endowed by some munificent donors of £10,000 each, and by a public subscription, to a sufficient amount, obtained its charter of incorporation in 1881, and was admitted, in November 1884, as a college in the Victoria

which gives access to the great hall, to the corridors leading to the students' rooms, and by the main staircase to a first-floor corridor, passing along the side of the great hall as a balcony, which leads to the Senate Room and other apartments. The hall, 68 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and high-roofed, has an apsidal termination, with a range of arches, at its east end, adjoining the main staircase; it is lighted, on the north side, by tall mullioned windows, and is lined with Burmantoft faience, or glazed earthenware, which is used also in the vestibule and staircase. The Senate Room, at the west end of the upper corridor on the first floor, is 27 ft. square, with a dado, ceiling, and floor of oak. The Tate Library and lecture-theatre are on the second floor. The library is a very fine room, 102 ft. by 49 ft. in dimensions, with a high timbered roof, and is surrounded by a narrow gallery with an ornamental iron balustrade. Its bookshelves have space to contain

80,000 volumes. It is lighted by four upper and seven lower windows of tinted glass, both on the north and the south side, and by pendants for electric light at night. The librarian's room and several accessory chambers for special collections of books and manuscripts are close at hand. A bust of Mr. Henry Tate, in bronze, with a commemorative tablet, adorns the entrance to the library. The lecture-theatre is semicircular in shape, with a radius of 39 ft.; a narrow gallery, supported by granite pillars, runs round the semicircle, and there is a balcony over the platform; it gives accommodation to an audience of five hundred. In the upper storey of the building is an art lecture-room, with a room for the art professor, and there are three art class-rooms.

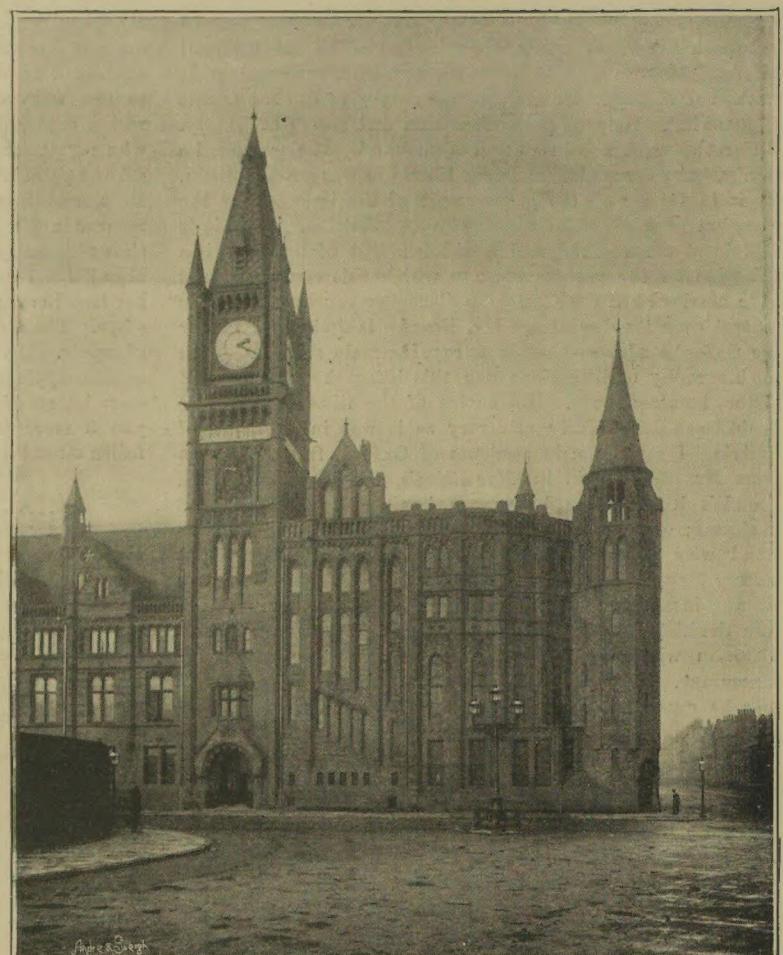
The statue of the first vice-president of the college, the late Mr. Christopher Bushell, is placed at the east end of the



THE LECTURE-THEATRE.

University, on equal terms with Owens College, Manchester. Further large donations by Sir A. B. Walker, Mr. Henry Tate, Mr. W. Rathbone, Mr. George Holt, Mr. T. Harrison, Mr. J. T. Brunner, and others have added to the special teaching faculties of the institution, with professorships of engineering, chemistry, botany, and physiology, as well as of mathematics and physics, and with complete laboratories for those useful studies. The new west wing of the buildings on Brownlow Hill, adjacent to that of the engineering department, which was the gift of Sir A. B. Walker in the Queen's jubilee year, 1887, has been erected, at a cost of £16,000, by the liberality of Mr. Henry Tate, comprising the lecture-theatre, the art rooms, and the library, also given by that generous benefactor, not only of Liverpool, but of London and the whole nation. In the central section of the college buildings rises the new Victoria Jubilee Tower, an imposing structure 173 ft. high, with a clock, below which is the noble great hall, two storeys high; the Senate Room, on the first floor of the western building, also the rooms for the Principal, the Registrar, and the Professors, offices, and students' reading-rooms are most conveniently arranged. Messrs. A. Waterhouse and Son, of 20, New Cavendish Street, London, are the architects of these buildings, the design for which was prepared in 1888 by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and some features of which claim a more particular description.

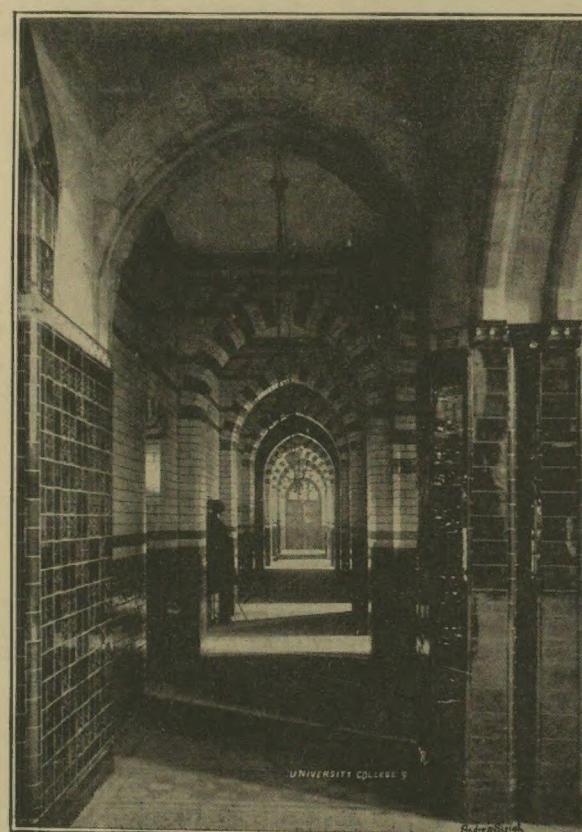
The exterior, which is mainly constructed of local brick, with red terra-cotta dressings, and with bands of red brick-



THE JUBILEE TOWER.

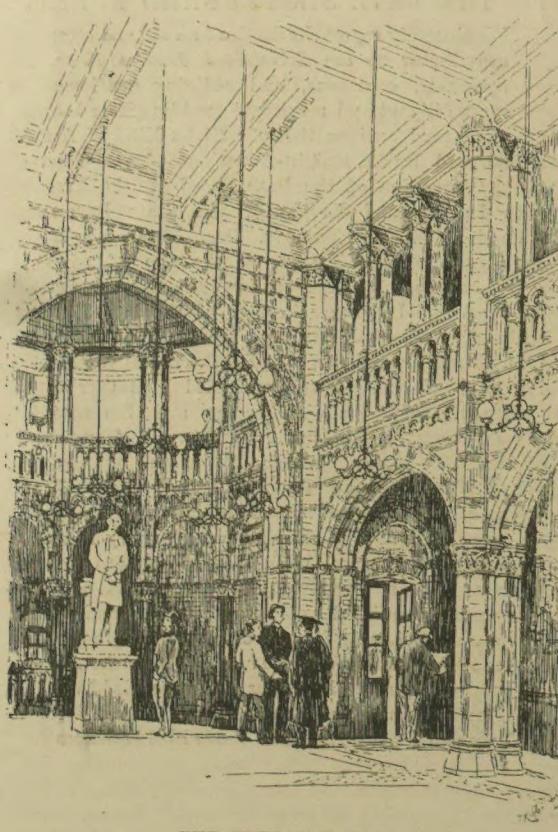
Mr. Ismay, and Mr. W. P. Sinclair. Valuable gifts of books have also been made by the late Rev. Canon Hume, Mr. George Holt, Messrs. Rathbone, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. C. L. Hensman, and others. The total cost of the new buildings, in addition to that provided by Mr. Henry Tate, will demand further contributions, which Liverpool may be expected cheerfully to supply for the honour and local advantage of possessing one of the most complete establishments of higher education that can be found in any city or town of Great Britain.

The spirit in which all these efforts on behalf of the University College are undertaken is the same that is expressed in the inscription at the entrance to the Tate Library. On a brass tablet there, we may read, enclosed by a border with Mr. Tate's motto and monogram, first the college motto, "Haec otia studia fovent"; then Mr. Tate's, "Thincke and thancke," followed by this sentence: "Henry Tate, merchant and freeman of the city of Liverpool, counting the gain of wisdom better than fine gold, built and furnished this library as a treasure-house of learning and for godly fellowship of students. A.D. 1892." There will be yet a further expression of this sentiment legible on the exterior of the Victoria buildings, where this inscription will be engraved on the



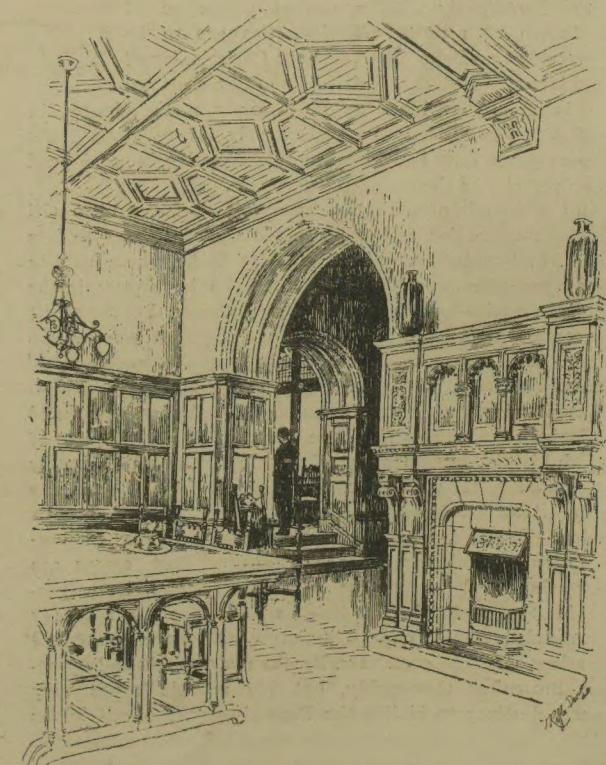
FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR IN THE TATE BLOCK.

great hall. Mr. W. P. Hartley is the donor of the clock and bells for the great tower. It is well to enumerate, among the principal benefactors to this college and guarantors of its funds, from 1878 to 1892, besides Mr. Henry Tate, whose name will be commemorated by the new building, such a list as the following: the Earl of Derby, Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. S. G. Rathbone, and Mr. P. H. Rathbone, Colonel A. H. Brown, Messrs. Crosfield and Barrow, Mr. Samuel Smith, Mr. Christopher Bushell, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, Mr. W. P. Sinclair, Messrs. Smith, Edwards, and Co., Mr. A. B. Holt, Mr. G. Holt, Sir A. B. Walker, Mrs. Grant, Mr. E. Whitley, Mr. Balfour, Mr. T. Harrison, Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, Mr. J. T. Brunner, M.P.,



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

work on the Tate block or library wing, gains much dignity from the lofty tower over the central entrance. Within this tower is the entrance-hall, or vestibule, paved with mosaic,



THE SENATE ROOM.

front: "Raised by men of Liverpool in the year of our Lord 1892 for the advancement of learning and the ennoblement of life."



STIRRING THE PUDDING.—BY C. T. GARLAND.

PERSONAL.

The East Aberdeenshire election has resulted in the return of Mr. Buchanan (Gladstonian) by a majority of 1326. The vacancy, it will be remembered was caused by Mr. Peter Esslemont's appointment as Chairman of the Scottish Fisheries Board. Mr. Buchanan is well known in the House of Commons, though his political career has hardly been as brilliant as his college life. He sat for Edinburgh as far back as 1881, and took the Unionist side in the earlier stages

of the Home Rule controversy. Then, after the General Election of 1886, he changed sides, resigned his seat for West Edinburgh, and was re-elected as a Gladstonian by a narrow majority. He has spoken at intervals in the House, and is a man of some academic distinction, taking a first class in *Littera Humaniores*, and being later on elected a Fellow of All Souls. He is a barrister by profession, and married a daughter of Mr. T. S. Bolitho.

We greatly regret to record the fact that Mr. William Watson, the distinguished young poet, whose elegy on Tennyson appearing in this Journal excited the admiration of the entire world of letters, has had to undergo temporary restraint. There is every reason to believe and hope that the affliction is merely temporary, and that in happier circumstances Mr. Watson's genius will have opportunities of further developments in the quieter atmosphere of his native north. Mr. Watson has youth and an excellent constitution in his favour, and his friends look confidently forward to an early resumption of his poetic work.

South London is about to lose one of its oldest incumbents by the resignation of the Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey. The Rev. Dr. Allan has for eighteen years worked this extremely difficult parish, but he is well known outside its limits. He has long been an acknowledged expert in the work of foreign missions. In this capacity he has twice been sent upon special inquiries to the West African coast, and he was one of the representatives of the Church Missionary Society before the informal court which the Archbishop of Canterbury convened to inquire into the charges brought by Bishop Blyth. Dr. Allan read a paper on foreign missions before the Hull Church Congress, and was a prominent figure in the great conference on foreign missions held in London a few years ago. He is probably the fastest public speaker in England when he is under way, and is, perhaps, even a little faster than the great American divine, Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Sir Edward Reed, the Gladstonian member for Cardiff, whose letter on Home Rule to the President of the Liberal Association of that town has stirred the calm of the recess and fluttered the local political dovecotes, is a native of Sheerness, a town whose traditions and surroundings make it a peculiarly appropriate birthplace for one whose principal fame was to be gained as a naval architect. Sir Edward, who was born in 1830, was educated at Portsmouth for the Navy, and after occupying various posts, among which was the editorship of the *Mechanic's Magazine*, he was appointed Chief Constructor of the Navy in 1863. He resigned that post seven years later, and devoted himself to a private inspection of the principal European dockyards. He has written some important works on shipbuilding, and contributed not a few interesting articles to the Press on the state of our naval defences. In 1874 he entered the political arena, contested Pembroke Boroughs in the Liberal interest, was returned, and represented the constituency till 1880. In that year he became M.P. for Cardiff, and also received his K.C.B. Since the commencement of his Parliamentary career Sir Edward has been a staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and in the Administration of 1886 he was Junior Lord of the Treasury. It is said he was offered a similar post on the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, but declined to accept it.

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Eaton Hall, where the Duke of Westminster is this week entertaining the Duchess of Teck, is, perhaps, the noblest specimen of modern Gothic architecture in the kingdom. Situated in a beautiful park, about four miles south of the ancient city of Chester, and built upon a slope a few hundred yards from the River Dee, its towers and turrets, pinnacles and battlements, built of white freestone brought from Delamere Forest, present an imposing appearance from whatever point of view they may be seen. This magnificent mansion, which stands on the site of a much older house, which became the property of the Grosvenors by marriage in the time of Henry VI., is decorated with the armorial bearings, the effigies in painted glass, of a long line of ancestors of the Duke of Westminster and of that Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, a nephew of the Conqueror, in whose train the founder of the Grosvenor family came to England. By the present owner the mansion has been fitted with every modern luxury, and vast sums have been spent on its decoration and improvement. The central hall is remarkable for a series of frescoes by Marks, "the Canterbury Pilgrims," and other apartments have also been adorned with bird subjects, in which that artist is so successful. A collection of pictures, rich in historical portraits, and a library of superb books are among the treasures contained in this remarkable specimen of the "stately homes of England."

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Division of Liverpool. Mr. Cross was an amiable, unassuming man, a good deal interested in Church matters. He was first elected in 1888, at a bye-election, and at the general contest held the seat by a majority of over 1182 votes. At the close of last Session he seconded the Address, and did it very well, but he hardly aimed at becoming a prominent

Parliamentary figure. He was only thirty-six years old, and was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He died in London, of a short and violent attack of typhoid fever, the disease from which poor Fred Leslie died.

conventional view. The English stage can be none the worse for a sincere attempt to exhibit life as the dramatist really believes it is being lived in London to-day.

The first act of "Widowers' Houses" opens on the talk of a pair of travelling companions on the Rhine, not at all dis-

similar to Mr. Austey's historic couple of tourist snobs. One of them, Cokane, is the snob flamboyant and undisguised; the other, Trench, the snob sub-acute and veiled by good manners and good sense. They are joined by two more of the five important characters in the piece, Mr. Sartorius and his daughter Blanche. The father is snob No. 3, perfectly conscious of the fact, hard in the grain, a rack-renting landlord of the worst type, with social ambitions. Blanche is her father's daughter, with fresh shoots of passion and pride grafted on to the parent stock. Trench and the girl have been mutually attracted, and in the interval in which Sartorius takes care to leave them together she pushes him deftly into a proposal of marriage. But the father, secretly delighted, for he is perfectly aware that Trench is of a good family, bars the marriage until Lady Rosedale, Trench's aunt, has given her full consent and the family have duly blessed him. Cokane, the snob flamboyant, offers his services in the writing of the critical letter, in which, with much ironical by-play between the two men, Sartorius engages

to help him. Cokane writes the draft, and the curtain falls on Sartorius snatching it from beneath the blotting-pad and furtively reading its contents.

Thus far the author's touch has been *piano* in the extreme, and none of the vital motives of the play have been revealed; it is slight, satiric comedy, and that is all. A *cet tw o* brings us bolt

on to the central idea. It opens in Sartorius's house at Surbiton, and shows us Sartorius himself, changed from the bland father to the ruthless landlord and man of business. To him enters Lickcheese, his agent, who plays to Sartorius much the same part as the agent to the seraphic landlord in "Our Mutual Friend." Sartorius's property consists of tenement houses in the worst slums of St. Giles's, out of which Lickcheese grinds the rents that pour into his master's respectable pockets. But he has been rash enough to incur a bill of repairs amounting to over a sovereign. Sartorius dismisses him on the spot, and then the two young men enter primed with highly favourable letters from Lady Rosedale and the rest of Trench's family. The engagement is promptly settled. Lickcheese, however, contrives to slide into Trench's and Cokane's ears the whole sordid story of the way in which the prospective father-in-law's money is made. Trench is shocked and angry, but he thinks he sees a way of compromising with his conscience. He will live on his own £700 a year, and will not take a penny from Sartorius. Blanche flares out angrily at this, and in a stormy scene breaks her newly made troth. But Sartorius deftly turns the tables. Trench's £700 a year is simply a first mortgage on the slum estate, and before the father can take a penny for himself he will have to pay off his future son-in-law's charges. This is a new light, and after a mental struggle Trench concludes that these things must be so, while Cokane is perfectly persuaded that they ought to be so and always will be so. The engagement is on the point of renewal, but Blanche's pride has again taken offence, while the worst side of her nature comes out in an ugly and rather forced scene with the servant maid. Trench is dismissed, and left to ponder out his little problem in social ethics.

Mr. Shaw has now pulled out all his stops and shown modern middle-class society working as he conceives it in full blast. Now to reverse the process and to wind up the tune with an ironic note which is all his own. Sartorius is still anxious to bring his daughter and Trench together. The girl herself is hotly in love with the man who has slighted her; but how to effect a reconciliation? The comic *deus ex machina* turns up in the person of Lickcheese, transformed from a seedy rent-collector to a City promoter of finished vulgarity and shrewdness. His fortunes are due to a series of swindling transactions by which he has shielded slum landlords on their trial before a Royal Commission. He has a splendid plan for Sartorius's benefit. The County Council is going to drive a broad thoroughfare through the heart of the festering slums of St. Giles's. Lickcheese has wind of the project, and has evolved a plan for extracting compensation from the Council out of the worst of the tenements, and disposing of the property for a sum enormously in excess of its value. Sartorius is delighted; but there is the recalcitrant Harry Trench in the way. "Happy thought," says Lickcheese. "Use Blanche as the bait to lure the young man into doing the best for himself and his property." So Trench is dragged into the Surbiton drawing-room like a sulky and honest dog by his ears. Lickcheese puts the moral side of the question—the possibility of extirpating the slums and building better houses for a better class of tenants. Sartorius threatens to pay off the mortgage and reduce his income at a bound from £700 to £250 a year. As he ponders the dilemma, Lickcheese whiskers off Sartorius, Cokane, and Co., and Blanche slips into the room in time to catch Trench passionately kissing her portrait. Woman-like, she treats him to five minutes of fierce invective, and then, as he sits silent and utterly "cornered," creeps round to his side, puts her arm round his neck, and kisses him. Trench is caught in the "cash nexus," and an ironic procession to the dinner-table celebrates his capture.

This is Mr. Shaw's play. Its moral is obvious, its didactic purpose is revealed from the raising of the curtain to its fall, its irony is at times a trifle too fine for its purpose and the shafts fly over the heads of the audience. But the reproach of slovenly construction or essentially uninteresting character does not lie against it. It reverses the conventional ending, the conventional set of characters, the conventional stage types; nevertheless it has a convincing method of its own. Its characters are drawn with perfect clearness, and in the case of the girl with specially minute, if a trifle malicious, art. And it gives the experiment of the Independent Theatre a new basis of original effort which one may very well hope to see developed.

H. W. M.



MR. T. R. BUCHANAN, M.P.

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OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for the portraits of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. T. R. Buchanan, M.P., and the late Hon. W. H. Cross, M.P.; to the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, for that of the late Mr. Fred Leslie; and to Messrs. Robinson and Thompson, of Liverpool, for some of the Views of the University College in that city.

A REALIST PLAY.

The production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Widowers' Houses," is a dramatic event of very considerable significance. The vital quality of the play is its freshness of type. It is neither tragedy nor melodrama, nor comedy nor burlesque. Mr. Shaw chooses to call it a didactic play, and it is this and something more. It is a study of modern life, purely ironical in conception, and almost completely realistic in workmanship. What Mr. Shaw has endeavoured to do has been to set society before us not merely in its surface aspect of love-making, intriguing, dinner-giving and eating, but in what he conceives to be the more vital light of the "cash nexus." He exhibits the modern lover, the modern father, the modern friend, the modern young lady as he believes them to be conditioned by the way in which they make their money and spend it. He gives us love-making without romance, friend-ship without sincerity, landlordism without pity, life as it is lived in the upper middle-class without charm. Now, it is quite allowable for his hearers to quarrel with this conception, to say it is unnatural, overstrained, false to the facts. But I cannot conceive how it can be regarded as improper material for a play. All Mr. Shaw is bound to do is to make his characters plausible, to give validity to their motives and consistency to his conception of their mutual relations. In a word, Mr. Shaw has put before us the Socialist criticism of life, and that may be quite as interesting, even supposing it is not quite as true, as the individualist or the merely



THE LATE MR. FRED LESLIE.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen has continued her patronage of "musical evenings," which have included during the past week a concert given by the admirable Meister Glee Singers and Mr. Tivadar Nachez, the violinist. Succeeding her Majesty's Russian guests, the Crown Prince of Roumania has arrived at the Castle, where also his fiancée has been staying. According to arrangements the Queen will spend about nine weeks in the Isle of Wight, whither she journeys on Dec. 16. The Duchess of Albany and her children, and many others of the royal family, are invited to spend Christmas with her Majesty. H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck and her family have been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall, where a distinguished party assembled to meet them.

The Prince of Wales greatly enjoyed a successful week of shooting, returning from Witley Court on Dec. 10. We understand that it is the intention of his Royal Highness to cruise in the royal yacht Osborne in the Mediterranean, probably starting about the beginning of February, in company with the Princess of Wales and their daughters. It is quite likely that the latter will be the guests of the King and Queen of the Hellenes at Athens. It will be remembered that King George is a brother of the Princess of Wales.

The Duke of Connaught will, it is stated, represent the royal family at the wedding of Princess Marie, while Sir John Cowell goes on behalf of the Queen, and Sir Dighton Probyn on behalf of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By-the-way, the Duke of York will, according to present plans, be present at the marriage of Princess Margaret of Prussia, which takes place in January.

The Home Rule Bill is drafted, and every member of the Cabinet is in possession of Mr. Gladstone's last secret, but all the surmises of the newsmongers have failed to divine it. Cabinet secrets are well kept, and the endless conjectures in this case are probably all at sea. Ministers have been speaking pretty freely, but their utterances are oracles which can be construed according to the taste and fancy of the critic. It is suggested, for instance, that Mr. Morley, who made a vigorous speech at Newcastle, knows the impossibility of inducing the Irish members to accept the Government scheme of Home Rule. On the other hand, it is tolerably certain that this measure has not been drafted without consultation with the Nationalist leaders, one of whom, Mr. Blake, has expressed his absolute confidence in the Cabinet. Whatever may be the course of events, it is evident that, so far, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are at one.

Mr. Morley spoke at Newcastle with a vehement energy which is not his wont. It is on him that the brunt of the Opposition attack will fall when Parliament meets, and he declares himself impatiently thirsty for the fray. Lord Rosebery, who has been reported to be a malcontent in the Cabinet, was scarcely less militant at the National Liberal Club. He alluded to Ireland in guarded terms, but laid great stress on the general programme of the Government, which, he said, would show that the Liberals had not come into office "to patch up or to botch up." He warned members of the Liberal majority who had a mind to be troublesome that if they should turn the Government out the constituencies would know the reason why. This was taken as a hint to Sir Edward Reed, the member for Cardiff, who has explained to his constituents his misgivings about Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. The Opposition are jubilant over what they suppose to be the prospect of a Radical "cave," but Sir Edward Reed's action is not appreciated in Cardiff, and is suspected to spring from his disappointment at not getting a post in the Government worthy of his undoubted abilities.

The farmers of England have met in conference, and adopted resolutions in favour of Protection and Bimetallism. Protection at this time of day is a galvanised fossil, and Mr. Chaplin, at the Agricultural Conference, and since, has declared a duty on food to be impossible. No party in the State will lend itself to a foregone absurdity, and the attempt to form a farmers' party on such a basis is doomed to failure. The farmers of the north demand drastic reforms in land tenure, and their opposition to the Protectionist craze will prevent it from becoming a formidable mischief. As for Bimetallism, the principal Powers in Europe have declared against it at the International Monetary Conference, and it has no chance of being adopted in this country. Some of the organs of the farmers are boasting that they will bring both political parties to their knees. Now, with the distress and depression in every country which lives under Protection staring us in the face, the great mass of the people are not going to tax the necessities of life to please any class that has failed in business.

A bye-election in East Aberdeenshire resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate by a majority which leaves no room for speculation as to changes in public opinion. The election judges have unseated the member for Rochester and dismissed the petition against Mr. William Redmond in East Clare. At Rochester, Mr. Justice Cave said he suspected that corrupt practices extensively prevailed. The evidence of treating upset the sitting member, who was personally absolved from blame. It is plain that in future elections will have to be conducted without the free distribution of cakes and ale. Absolute purity may be impossible, but the open-hearted agent who stands glasses round and provides meals for a nominal sum has had his day. The law is determined to put down this form of corruption, though it is evident from various ebullitions that popular opinion at Rochester is in favour of free drinks.

A good deal of interest has been taken in the scrutiny of votes polled in the Central Finsbury Division. The contest between the rival claims of Mr. Dadabhai Naoriji, the sitting member, and Captain Penton, the ex-member, has resolved itself into a very close struggle. With such keen politicians as Mr. Murphy, Q.C. (for Captain Penton), and Mr. William Willis, Q.C. (for Mr. Naoriji), as counsel, the case was bound to be well fought. Occasionally an amusing retribution has followed a claim for disallowing a vote, when it has proved to have been given on the very side which has scrutinised it.

Captain Lugard has replied in detail to the charges made against him by the French missionaries in Uganda. On all the points which he cites Captain Lugard makes out a strong case. But there is still a good deal of misgiving about a matter which he does not mention. According to the testimony of Mr. Collins, a Protestant missionary, many fugitives were massacred by the Maxim gun. They were endeavouring to escape from an island on which they had taken refuge, and whole boatloads were destroyed by the fire of the Maxim. The accusation is that this was perfectly wanton, and Captain Lugard's explanation has yet to be made.

There is an unfortunate episode in the history of the London School Board. The sanitary authorities reported on

the unhealthy condition of a particular school, which, in the opinion of the Board, was sufficiently wholesome when it was washed and painted once in eight years. This neglect went on till a girl died of diphtheria, and then there was a public scandal about the condition of the drains, and a magistrate suggested that the school had better be closed. It is remarkable that in the face of these facts some members of the Board insisted that the school was perfectly healthy, and that the child caught the fatal disease in her own home.

A committee of the Hygiene Congress has made an instructive report on the physical condition of the children of the poor in the Metropolis. Scientific authorities like Sir Henry Roscoe and Mr. Douglas Galton hold that low nutrition and general neglect account very largely for the growth of the criminal population. Disease has the effect of distorting the moral character, and this fruitful source of social evil is directly stimulated by insanitary conditions which it is in the power of the community to remedy.

This is the time of increased activity in schools. Examinations have been troubling thousands of students all over the kingdom this week, and the "glorious uncertainty" of them will hang over Christmas. Meanwhile, many prize distributions and annual concerts in connection with schools of art and music have taken place. The students of the Royal College of Music had their great day on Saturday, when Gluck's "Orpheus" was most creditably given before proud parents and kindly-critical visitors in the Lyceum Theatre. Among the many musical celebrities present was Mlle. Giulia Ravagli, who had the pleasure of witnessing the capital representation by Miss Butt of the very rôle which she has made famous. Then Mr. Charles Santley—always ready to appreciate the efforts of rising vocalists—was also among the large audience, and several others who have "arrived" to musical fame.

We are glad to announce that the thirteenth *Truth Toy* and Doll Show will be on view at the Albert Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19 and 20. The exhibition, which will exceed all previous efforts of this kindly generosity, will be open free of any charge between 10.30 a.m. and 10.30 p.m., on presentation of visiting card. Let all who go to this interesting and practical Christmas show contribute to the *Truth Toy* Fund, which, with increasing years, deserves increasing support. Mr. Labouchere's heart will be gladdened, and all who make the toy show possible will receive the satisfaction of granting far-reaching joy to multitudes of little ones.

The furore of excitement created by the "missing word" competitions will, it is to be hoped, cease, now that Sir John Bridge has declared them contrary to the Lottery Act. There is no doubt that the craze had reached a dangerous height.

The newly reconstituted French Ministry, headed by M. Ribot, on Dec. 8, confronted the Chamber with apparent firmness of attitude, obtaining a vote of confidence with a majority of 307 to 100, while about 160 members declined to vote. M. Bourgeois, the new Minister of Justice, vindicated the conduct of his predecessor, M. Ricard, with regard to the Panama Investigation Committee's demand of documents and evidence in the pending judicial prosecution against the directors of the Ship Canal Company. He had nevertheless consented to the disinterment of the corpse of the late Baron Jacques Reinach, which was effected on Saturday, Dec. 10, at the village cemetery near Beauvais, by the police and medical inspectors. The body was examined, and it was found that there were no wounds or marks of violence; but a further examination has shown that, after an interview with M. Rouvier, the Minister of Finance, M. Clemenceau, and M. Cornelius Herz, who, as well as M. Constans, late a Minister, declined to interfere with the charges brought against him, Baron Reinach poisoned himself with atropine, a bottle of which is found to have been in his possession. There is evidence of his having received very large sums of money from the promoters of the Panama Canal scheme and of his having paid money to several persons. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the Procureur-Général, or Public Prosecutor, has resigned office on account of the interference with regular legal procedure. M. Rouvier, in order freely to defend his own conduct, has resigned the Finance Ministry, and is succeeded by M. Tirard.

There is a change of Ministry in Spain: on Dec. 7 Señor Canovas, the Premier, having been defeated in the Chamber, with only 107 votes to support him on the question of confidence, resigned office, and has been succeeded by Señor Sagasta, leader of the Moderate Liberal party, whose colleagues are the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señors Montero Ríos, Gamazo, Moret, and Venancio Gonzalez, General Lopez Dominguez, Minister of War, Admiral Carvera, and others. The new Government expects some support from Señor Castelar.

In the German Imperial Diet, on Dec. 10, the debate on the first reading of the Army Bills commenced with speeches by Herr von Hüne, the leader of the Centre party, Herr Richter, of the Liberal party, Herr von Manteuffel, of the Conservative party, and other influential men, adverse to the proposed increase of yearly recruits, 83,000 men, and to the proposed additional cost, nearly £3,000,000 yearly. The Chancellor of the Empire, Count von Caprivi, insisted on the necessity of this augmentation of its military force. On Tuesday, Dec. 13, Herr von Bennigsen, leader of the National Liberal party, opposed the Government scheme.

Herr Ahlwardt, the Anti-Semitic pamphleteer, who has won a seat in the Imperial Diet, was on Dec. 9 convicted by the Criminal Court at Berlin of three distinct libels on Messrs. Löwe, the Jewish gun-manufacturers and army contractors, and was sentenced to five months' imprisonment. The Ministry of War has declared that Messrs. Löwe's rifles are quite satisfactory.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has unanimously agreed to ratify the commercial treaty with France.

The Roumanian Chamber of Deputies has voted an annual income of 300,000f. to the Crown Prince Ferdinand on his approaching marriage with Princess Marie of Edinburgh; half this income may be transferred to her for life.

The proposed modification of a clause in the Bulgarian Constitution, to allow the ruling Prince Ferdinand of Coburg to marry a Roman Catholic princess, has excited vehement disapprobation in Russia.

Socialist street meetings in the city of Ghent have occasioned riots and conflicts with police, in which, on the evening of Dec. 12, several persons were shot or otherwise wounded, three being policemen.

Mexico is reported to be suffering, both in the capital city and in the provinces, from widespread epidemics of fever and small-pox. A party of the revolutionary faction, led by Garza, from Texas, crossing the frontier from Texas on Dec. 10, had a fight with the Mexican cavalry, burnt the barracks, and then retired over the Rio Grande, where they are pursued by the troops of the United States.

MUSIC.

The pupils of the Royal College of Music gave a delightful representation of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 10. It constituted by far the best piece of work yet put forward at the annual operatic performance of this institution, and more than justified the choice of a serious work that presents difficulties of no ordinary kind to a regular opera house, let alone a company of youthful students. The Lyceum made the third English stage upon which Gluck's most popular masterpiece has been witnessed within the past two and a-half years, and of the three revivals this was in many respects the most artistic and complete. The *mise en scène* comprised not a few interesting and even novel features, while the classical elegance of the grouping and the smoothness that marked the movements of those on the stage reflected high credit upon Mr. Richard Temple, who had directed this share of the performance. The part of Orpheus was filled by Miss Clara Butt, a young contralto who has been studying less than three years at the college, and who seems destined, if circumstances do not force her too quickly "into harness," to achieve brilliant career. Miss Butt is endowed with an organ of exceptional beauty and power, pure and even in quality, and excellently trained. She rendered Gluck's lovely strains with mingled dignity and grace, and alike by her acting and singing maintained the admiration of the house in a wonderful degree. A début of greater promise has certainly not been seen for many a day. Beside this Orpheus a stronger Eurydice was needed, but Miss Maggie Purvis acquitted herself fairly well in the feminine rôle, and Eros had a pleasing and vivacious representative in Miss Ethel M. Cain. Professor Stanford, conducting with all the advantage of his Cambridge experience in 1890, managed to keep his youthful forces, choral and instrumental, at their level best throughout.

Brahms's clarinet quintet was played before large audiences at the Popular Concerts of Dec. 10 and 12, the executants being Lady Hallé, Mr. Ries, Herr Mühlfeld, Mr. Straus, and Signor Piatti. The charm and strength of this noble work grow upon the listener with each fresh hearing, and the former quality is especially enhanced when the clarinet part is sustained by its original exponent, who is in every sense of the word a great artist. During his recent visit Herr Mühlfeld has had further opportunities for exhibiting his genius, notably in Mozart's trio in E flat for piano, clarinet, and viola, and Weber's duo concertante in the same key for piano and clarinet, wherein he had the valuable co-operation of Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The last-named work had not been heard at the "Pops" for nearly thirty years, and in it Herr Mühlfeld's incomparable tone and technique were revealed in their fullest perfection.

The excellent programme of "The Golden Legend" given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 7, was chiefly remarkable as being the occasion of Miss Clara Butt's first prominent appearance on what we are accustomed to call the oratorio platform. That event was in itself worthy of record, because the new contralto created so unwonted an effect by her rendering of the solo in the fifth scene that ten thousand people, as with one accord, demanded and insisted upon its repetition. Taken in connection with Miss Butt's impersonation of Orpheus later in the same week, it helps to emphasise the belief that we have in this clever Royal College student the makings of a first-rate "all-round" artist. At any rate, her further progress will be watched with the deepest interest. The principal solo parts in "The Golden Legend" were undertaken by Madame Albani, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Henschel, who sang with their accustomed success; while in the small rôle of the Forester a satisfactory début was made by Mr. Edward Epstein. The choir was splendid, as usual, under the vigilant and painstaking guidance of Sir Joseph Barnby.

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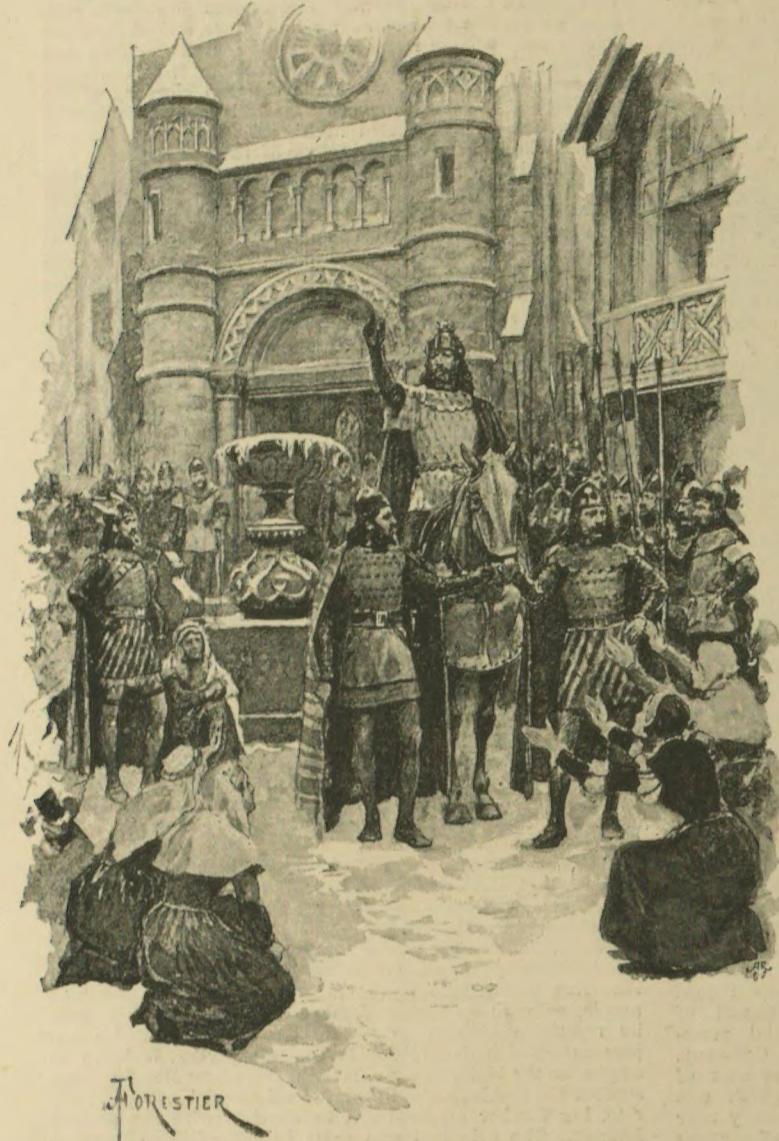
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"IRMENGARDA," THE NEW OPERA, AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Emil Bach may consider himself a fortunate individual. While more than one native composer of eminence is waiting for the chance of a hearing on the boards of our leading opera house, he has quietly stepped in and obtained the desired



SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT.

privilege with an "Open, Sesame," of which no one but himself owns the secret. He is lucky, moreover, in having kept the interest of the management and the performers alive in his work during an unusually prolonged and chequered period of preparation. Many a beginner, whose initial effort has given similar trouble, has been denied the satisfaction of seeing it ever brought into the light of day. It is, perhaps, a trifle disappointing,

therefore, to find that Mr. Emil Bach's two-act opera, "Irmengarda," instead of turning out a masterpiece, merely proves to be a meritorious and promising composition, full of the faults of inexperience and weak in many of the qualities that a complete technical equipment alone can give. The new work, which was produced at Covent Garden on Thursday, Dec. 8, is a setting of a German libretto by Herr P. Gisbert, translated into Italian by Signor A. Zanardini, and into English by Mr. William Beatty-Kingston. The story is extremely feeble, and



ONE OF THE BALLET.

wholly wanting in dramatic fibre. It is founded upon an historical episode that occurred in the year 1140, in the Suabian town of Weinsberg, at the end of a long siege, when Conrad III., King of Franconia, impressed by the bravery of the citizens' wives, gave them permission to go forth free and carry with them whatever worldly possessions they most valued. The devoted women prized nothing more dearly than their husbands, and accordingly bore them on their backs beyond the walls of the town, "thereby securing their immunity from punishment for



KING CONRAD.

rebellion against the King's authority." This legendary proof of constancy could scarcely, however, be portrayed in flesh and blood upon the operatic stage, and its omission in the present instance is supposed to be compensated for by the King granting a full pardon to everybody when the women make the offer to perform their doughty deed. Irmengarda's connection with the affair is simple. She is not a wife, but a fiancée, and apparently has her lover in her mind's eye when she sallies forth from Weinsberg in boy's dress to devise means for saving her fellow-townspeople from destruction. She would do little but

for the aid of an old admirer and

compatriot, a certain Captain

Cuniberto, who persuades King Conrad to promulgate the aforesaid act of clemency and himself enters the beleaguered town to herald the good news. Irmengarda's betrothed, Luca, behaves rather stupidly, and gets wounded in an unwarrantable combat with the King's envoy, but that is about the only approach to an exciting incident in the whole plot. The latter, it is scarcely needful to add, is singularly unadapted for operatic treatment, and it would have taken a far greater musician than Mr. Emil Bach all his time to evolve from it a successful example of the lyric drama. On the other hand, Mr. Bach has revealed to us two facts—first, that he possesses the requisite vein of tolerably original melody and the right sense of dramatic feeling for writing an opera; secondly, that before he next makes an attempt

to do so he must master the art of putting his ideas into such shape that they can be both expressed and understood. "Irmengarda" is not exactly "without form and void," but it is completely wanting in symmetry and proportion. Those



IRMENGARDA AND CUNIBERTO.

numbers of the opera which can claim a certain amount of charm and grace are undoubtedly pleasing to the ear, and to the effect created by these we feel bound to attribute the frequent applause and hearty reception that marked the first performance of the work. Mr. Bach's interpreters worked

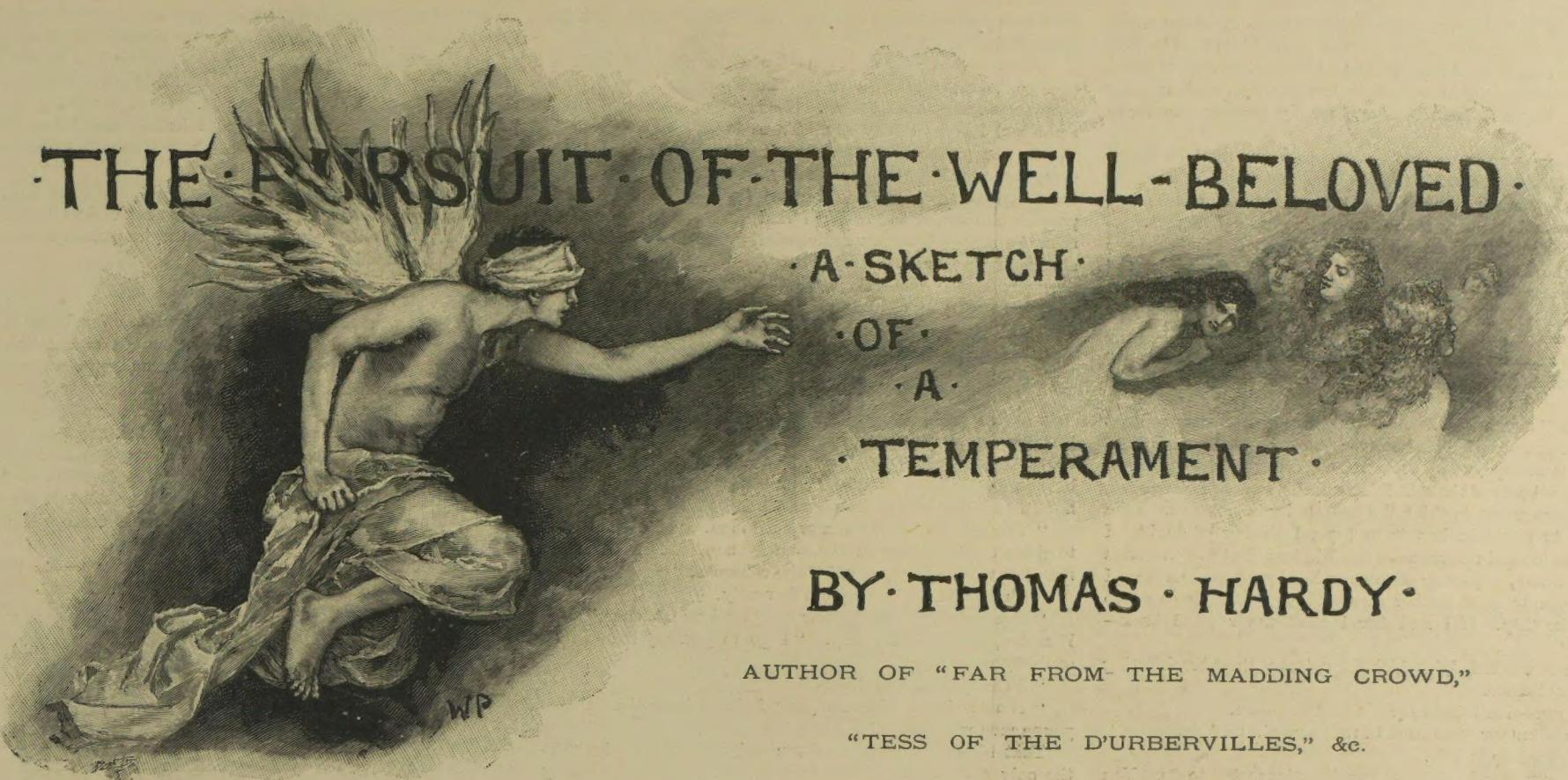


THE DUEL BETWEEN LUCA AND CUNIBERTO.

their hardest, and his gratitude is especially due to Madame Giulia Valda (an earnest and interesting Irmengarda), M. Dufriche (excellent as Luca), and Señor Guetary (a capital Cuniberto); while the other artists, and the band and chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Carl Armbruster, contributed materially to the success of a creditable representation.



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT.



CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MAGNANIMOUS THING.

It was in the full sunshine of next morning that the mock-married couple walked towards the inn. Avice looked up fearfully at her husband from time to time. She could not understand her lord and master in any other character than that of lording and mastering her. Her father's bearing towards her mother had been only too often of that quality.

When they were reaching the inn-door the surgeon appeared on the threshold, coming out. Pearson said to his wife: "Henri Leverre is to be spoken of as a friend of ours, mind. Nobody will suspect your former relations."

On inquiry the doctor informed them that his patient was restless. The haemorrhage was from the stomach—the direct result of sea-sickness on predisposing conditions. He would have to be taken care of, and with such care there was no reason why the malady should recur. He could bear removal, and ought to be removed to a quieter place.

The young man was sitting up in bed gazing dreamily through the window at the stretch of quarries and cranes it commanded. At sight of Avice behind Pearson he blushed painfully. Avice blushed with equal distress; and her husband went and looked out of the window.

When he turned his head the sorely tried pair had recovered some apparent equanimity. She had, in fact, whispered to her lover: "My husband knows everything. I told him—I felt bound to do so! He trusts us, assuming that we have no other intention but to part for ever; and we must act up to his expectations."

The conversation of the three was impersonal and flat enough: on the state of France, on the profession of teachers of languages. Yet Pearson could not resist an interest in the young man, which deepened every moment. He was a transparency, a soul so slightly veiled that the outer shaped itself to the inner like a tissue. At one moment he was like the poet Keats, at another like Andrea del Sarto. The latter, indeed, seemed to have returned to earth in him, the same poetry of mien being set amid the same weaknesses.

In a solicitude for Henri Leverre which was almost paternal Jocelyn could well-nigh sink his grief at being denied the affection of Avice. That afternoon he obtained quiet lodgings for the young man in a house across the way, and had him removed thither.

Every day Pearson visited the patient here, sometimes taking Avice with him, though she always shrank from the ordeal. To all outward seeming, Pearson was making a mistake by acting thus; but his conduct, begun in waywardness as a possible remedy by surfeit for the malady of the two unhappy ones, had been continued on other grounds, arising from sympathy with them during the process.

"You think his recovery may now be reckoned on?" he said to the doctor one day.

"Yes—from the haemorrhage. But mentally he is not at rest. He is unhappy, and that keeps him back. Something worries or grieves him. These foreigners are much given to that. I gather that he has quarrelled with his parents, and the thought of it may depress him."

It suddenly struck Pearson that Avice had begun to look wan and leaden-eyed. He met her only at meals and during walks, on which occasions she always looked up at him with misgiving, as if his plan of never obtruding himself upon her were the illusive beginning of some terrible scheme of vengeance upon her for loving illegally.

He was, in fact, pondering a scheme.

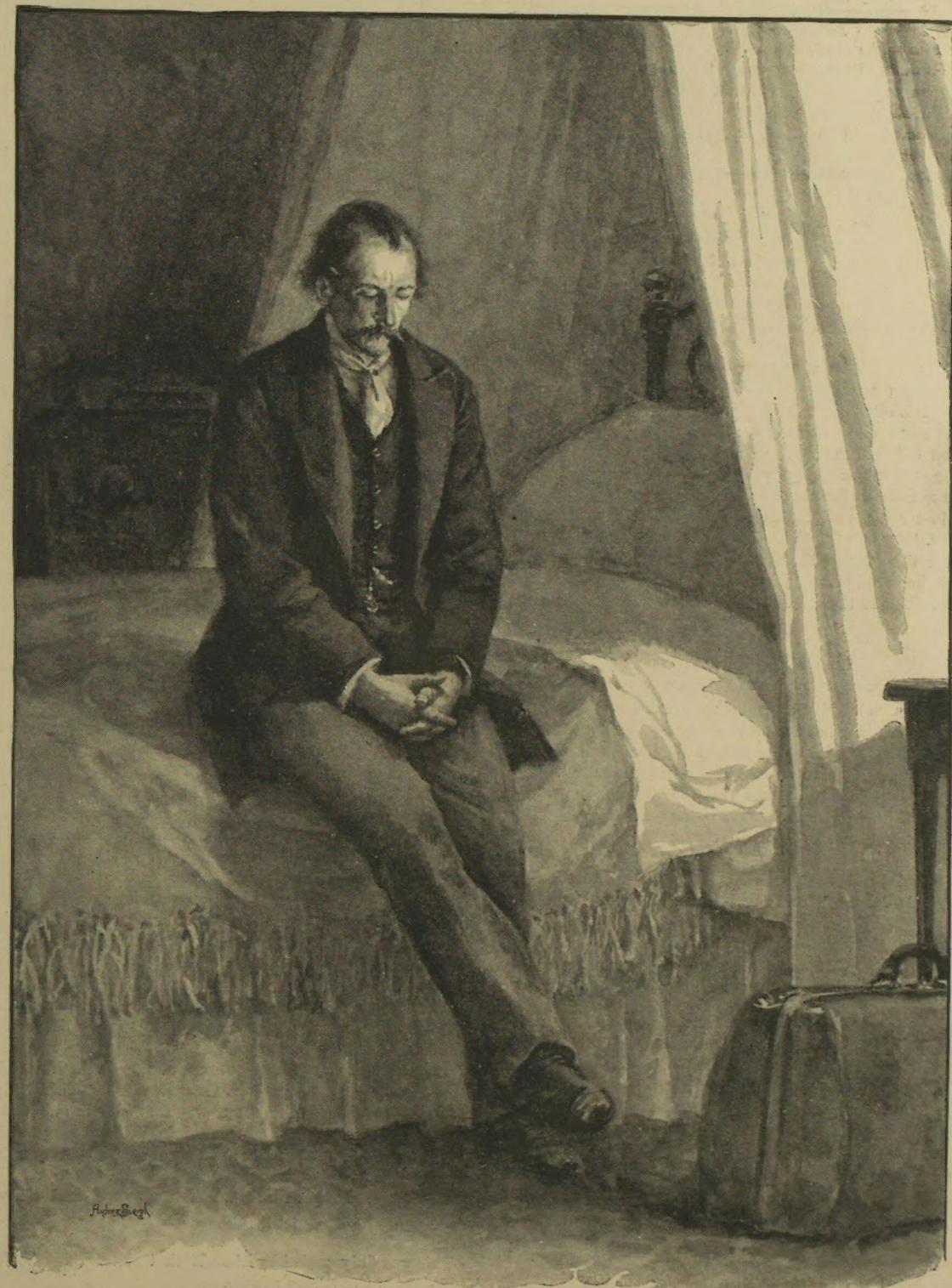
But the scheme which Pearson pondered was of a very different nature from any sultanic determination to bring punishment upon the head of his unhappy bride.

After casting about desperately for relief to his lately awakened natural or moral sense, which began to be oppressed by the present most improper situation ruling between himself and Avice—licensed as it might be by engrossings, fees,

stamps, and ceremonies—he had come to a conclusion. He could not wean her by surfeit of the sick man; that was obvious. And with the loss of this woman, his third Avice, he had not much left in his life to care for. Pleasant illusions had one by one been dissipated; he could see the black framework where the flaring jets of the illumination had once dazzled his eyes; and the chief satisfaction remaining to him now

was that a man finds in setting his house in order before departure.

Pearson was an artist, not a moralist, and his plan was characteristic of his nature. It was based on the idea of resuscitating his first wife, Marcia, in spirit and seeming, since he had never received definite tidings of her decease. Thirty years of silence had left him and others no moral doubt of her



Everything was done, even to the packing of his portmanteau.

death, but he had never received legal testimony of the event. It was by the channel of escape this offered him that he proposed to restore his Avice, whom he loved better than himself, to approximate happiness. Since his marriage with her was a farce, why not treat it as a farce by playing another to match it?

Coming down to breakfast one morning as usual he found Avice awaiting him with that forlorn and hopeless smile of greeting upon her face which cut his heart like a lash; and he was stimulated to take the first step in her deliverance.

"As our relations are not what—I hoped they might have been," he said as he sat down, "the news I have to tell you will not disturb your mind so much as may be expected by other people. You will remember, of course, how before our marriage we went into the question of my first wife Marcia's existence, and decided that it was quite impossible she should be living, though she was never proved to be dead."

"Yes," murmured Avice. And thereupon a strange light seemed to rise and colour her face, such as sometimes comes over a landscape when there are no direct rays to cause it. O, the quickness of thought! It was the hope of release.

"I have reason to think the probability insufficient. That I ought to ascertain her death beyond shadow of doubt. I am going to send telegrams to the Western States of America and elsewhere, directing search for her by advertisement. I shall probably start thither myself soon—journeying first to Salt Lake City. If I find her I shall never come back—never!"

A pause succeeded, in which the noises of their breakfasting seemed obtrusive.

"If you—don't find her?" said Avice then.

"I shall never come back in that case either."

She gazed up at him.

"In any case I will send you directions what to do. You will go on living here on your own freehold, of course, till you hear from me. Not living alone: I will find some suitable companion for you. . . . And, when you find you are no wife of mine, you must promise me one thing: to marry that lover of yours. He will soon recover, and I will make it worth his while to wed you, in every sense."

"But I may not find I am no—"

"I am certain—from premonitions and other perceptions, which I will not enter into now—I am morally certain that you will find yourself free. What I more precisely wish you to promise is to marry Henri promptly, without delay, immediately that you find yourself free."

"I do promise," she said humbly.

Notwithstanding the wilfully conjectural basis of the proposition Pearston seemed to take it as a definite scheme which would work itself out in fact, and work out well. He seemed to possess, concealed in his mind, certain means of effectuation beyond mere chances.

"Now go and tell the sick man what has been the subject of our talk," he added kindly.

"You will go with me, Sir?"

"No, not this time. You may go alone now."

In about an hour she returned, looking flushed with a startling, dreadful sense of ecstasy. She seemed trying to hide from herself the reason why. What ground had her husband for this sudden conviction? He must have had letters.

He met her at the door, where a fly was standing. "I am going up to town again for a few days," he said. "On my way through Budmouth I will get a quiet young person I know of there to come and stay with you. Good-bye!"

Pearston entered the fly. Opposite the door of Henri's lodgings he stopped and inquired how Mr. Leverre was.

"He's wonderful improved since Mrs. Pearston called. I went up just after, and his face had quite a colour—quite healthy like."

Whether the woman thought it odd that Mrs. Pearston should have been able to come and produce this mental effect, Jocelyn did not care to ascertain, and, re-entering the vehicle, drove on.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PURSUIT ABANDONED.

His return was delayed till eighteen or twenty days had passed, and on his way back over the isle to Avice's house he drew up at Leverre's lodgings as he had done on his departing journey. The young man was in the parlour reading. He appeared bright, and advanced in convalescence. After Pearston's preliminary inquiries the young man with almost childish ingenuousness of motive said, "Have you heard, Sir, of?"

"I have still further evidence that Avice will soon be free."

"A formal decree of nullity will be necessary to complete her freedom?"

"No, no. I think not—in this particular case. I don't go back to her home to live any more. I stay in these lodgings for a day or two, and will have my things sent here. Your landlady has probably told you that I wrote to her, and that she has let to me the parlour opposite to this for the few days I shall be here in the isle before starting for good."

"You have had more specific information, Sir?"

"I have almost indubitable proof that—Avice will be free before long. I shall rejoin my wife as soon as I reach my journey's end. I know, beyond any moral doubt, where she is."

"You do, Sir! Where?"

"I won't say, for certain reasons. But I am going there."

"Salt Lake City?"

"No—not Salt Lake City. . . . You know, Henri," he continued after a pause, and his lower lip quivered as he spoke, "if Avice had loved me, as I foolishly thought she might get to do, I should have—turned up no old stones to hide under. But she loved you, I found; and to me healthy natural instinct is true law, and not an Act of Parliament. So I sheer off."

Leverre looked anxious for clearer explanations, but he did not question further. Pearston—whose worn and dried-up

face now fully indexed his age, and indeed more than his age, continued calmly—

"Henri—as I may call you—I wish, as you will believe, above all things that Avice may be happy in spite of this unfortunate marriage with me. She is the outcome of my own emotional life, as I may say. There is no doubt that it is within her power to be so. In addition to her own little competency, a large sum of money—a fortune, in short—has been settled upon her within the last few days, and upon any possible children of hers. With that, and her beauty, she'll soon be snapped up by some worthy man who pities her abnormal position."

"Sir, I love her—I love her dearly. Has she said anything to lead you to think her husband will be other than myself?"

"It depends upon you."

"She will not desert me?"

"If she has promised not to. Haven't you asked her?"

"Not as yet. She would not have listened if I had. She is nominally your wife as yet: and it seems premature—too venturesome, daring, to hope, to think, that this idea you have suggested to us will be borne out by fact. I have never known anything like it—can hardly believe it!"

"You will see," said the now aged man. "Are you afraid to give an undertaking on the contingency? If she becomes free, you will be her husband if she consents?"

"I have said so," he replied fervently.

"You may set about your preparations at once," said Pearston, with forced gaiety. "I go to join my truant wife of thirty years ago."

"O that you may find her!"

"That's right. Express your feelings honestly. I like young men who do so."

That night Pearston sat down and wrote a long letter to the only old friend he had in the world, among so many acquaintances—Alfred Somers, the landscape-painter—

"My dear Somers—

"You in your evenly flowing life will be surprised to hear of what has been taking place in my rugged one—inwardly rugged, I mean, which is the true ruggedness."

He thereupon proceeded to give a succinct account of what had happened since his marriage with Avice, of which event Somers was aware, having, in fact, been invited to the ceremony, though he had not found it possible to come. First, the coldness of his young wife, which he had supposed it to be a mere question of time to displace; his lack of any suspicion that in such a remote and quiet existence she had learnt the trick of having a lover before she was eighteen years old; his discovery of his mistake through the return of the young man to claim her, and the whole incidents which followed.

"Now," proceeded Pearston, "some husbands, I suppose, would have sent the young man about his business, and put the young woman under lock-and-key till she came to her senses. This was what I could not do. At first I felt it to be a state of things for which there was no remedy. But I considered that to allow everything to remain *in statu quo* was inanimate, unhuman conduct, worthy only of a vegetable. It was not only being indifferent to my own poor scrap of future happiness, which mattered little, but to hers. And I soon entered with interest, and even with zest, into an apparently, though not really, wild scheme, which has recommended itself to me. This is no less than assuming the existence of my wife Marcia, of whose death, as you know, there has never been absolute proof, unless you consider that not having heard her voice for more than thirty years to be absolute proof of the death of a termagant spouse. Cases of this kind, if you analyse them, turn on very curious points. My marriage with Avice is valid if I have a reasonable belief in my first wife's death. Now, what man's belief is fixed, and who shall enter into my mind and say what my belief is at any particular time? The moment I have a reasonable belief that Marcia lives Avice is not my wife, it seems to me. I have only therefore to assume that belief and disappear, and she is free. That is what I have decided to do.

"Don't attack me for casuistry, artifice, for contumelious treatment of the laws of my country. A law which, in a particular instance, results in physical cruelty to the innocent deserves to be evaded in that instance if it can be done without injury to anyone. I want the last of the three women, the last embodiment of Avice, to be happy at any cost, and this is the only way of making her so, that I can see. The only detail in my plan that I feel sorry for having been compelled to adopt is the sending of bogus telegrams and advertisements, to prevent my darling's suspicion of unreality. Poor child! but it is for her good.

"During the last three weeks I have been arranging my affairs, and shall now disappear for ever from England. My life probably will not be long anywhere, it cannot be very long in the nature of things, and it matters very little where I say my *Nunc Dimittis*.

"I shall probably find some kind and simple old nurse body or housekeeper on the other side of the Atlantic, whom I can ask to share my home, and call her Marcia, so as to make it all seem right if any intelligence of my state of existence should be wafted across to this side. To clinch the pious fraud I may think it worth while to send the child Avice a cabinet photograph of this old soul and myself in one picture, in which I appear standing behind her chair with my hand on her shoulder, in the orthodox fashion of the irrevocably united.

"Destroy this document, for Avice's sake."

"My sincere regard and affection to you and all your household."

"J. P."

But as he lay he asked himself, did he care for the additional score of years which might, at the outside, be yet owing to him from Nature on such conditions as these? The *tedium vita*—formerly such a stranger to him, latterly grown familiar—seemed to intensify to violent disgust. Such an ending to his little drama as he had ostensibly sketched on Avice's behalf—was there not too distinct an attempt in it to save his useless self as well as to save her?

His heaviness endured far into the night, and there was no sign of "joy coming in the morning." At two o'clock he arose and dressed himself. Then, sitting down, he penned a second letter to the same friend.

"My dear Somers—

"When I posted to you the letter I wrote a few hours ago, I assumed that I had the spirit and strength and desire to carry through an ingenious device for human happiness, which I would have entered on with the lightest of hearts forty years ago, or even twenty. But my assumption turns out to be, after all, erroneous. I am no longer spirited: I am weak. My youth, so faithful to me, so enduring, so long regarded as my curse, has incontinently departed within the last few weeks. I do not care for my scheme, which, in my distaste for it, now appears as foolishly artificial as before it seemed simple and effective.

"I abandon it for a better and a grander one—one more worthy of my age, my outlook, and my opportunities. What that is you will know in a few hours."

"J. P."

It was now half-past two. Pearston's next action was to search his pocket and open his card-case; but finding no card therein he wrote his name and address on the first piece of paper that came to hand, and put it in the case. Next, taking out his purse, he emptied some portion of its contents into another piece of paper, which he folded round the money, and placed on the table, directing it to his landlady, with the words, "For rent and small bills." The remainder he rolled up in yet another piece of paper, and directed that to a local charitable institution.

He referred to an almanac, examining the tide-table. From this he gathered that the tide was now at about the half-flow, and it suited him fairly well.

Then he went out of the room, listening at his neighbour's door as he passed. The young man was sleeping peacefully. Pearston descended the stairs and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

The night was not so dark as he had expected it to be, and the unresting and troubled being went along the road without hesitation till he reached a well-known lonely house on the right hand beyond the new castle—the farthest that way. This house contained the form which was the last, most permanent, and sweetest incarnation of the Well-Beloved.

There was no light or sound to be recognised. Pearston paused before the railing with his head bent upon his hand. Time was having his turn of revenge now. Of all the shapes into which the Beloved one had entered she had chosen to remain in this, whose owner was utterly averse to him.

The place and these thoughts quickened his determination; he paused no longer, but turned back by the way he had come, till he reached the point near the north gate of the new castle, where the lane to the ruin of the old castle branched off. This he followed as it wound down the narrow defile spanned by the castle arch, a portion of which defile was, doubtless, the original fosse of the fortress.

The sound of his own footsteps flapped back to him from the vertical faces of the rock. A little farther and he emerged upon the open summit of the lower cliffs, to his right being the sloping pathway leading down to the little creek at their base.

Pearston descended, knowing the place so well that he found it scarcely necessary to guide himself down by touching the vertical face of stone on his right hand. Thus proceeding he arrived at the bottom, and trod the few yards of shingle which here alone could be found on this side of the island. Upon this confined beach there were drawn up two or three fishing-boats and a few skiffs, beside them being a rough slipway for launching. One of the latter he pushed down the slope, floated it, and jumped into it without an oar.

The currents hereabout were strong and complicated. At a specific moment in every flood tide there set in along the shore a reflux contrary to the outer flow, called "the Southern" by the local sailors. It was produced by the peculiar curves of the coast lying east and west of the Beal; these bent southward in two back streams the up-Channel flow on each side of the isle, which two streams united outside the Beal and there met the direct tidal flow, the confluence of the three currents making the surface of the sea at this point to boil like a pot, even in calmest weather. It is called the Race.

Although the outer tide, therefore, was running towards the mainland, the "Southern" ran in full force towards the Beal and the Race beyond. Pearston's boat was caught by it in a few moments, as he had known it would be; and thereupon the grey rocks rising near him, and the grim stone forehead of the isle above, just discernible against the sky, slid away from Pearston northwards.

He lay down in the bottom of the frail craft, gazing at the sky above. The undulations increased in magnitude, and swung him higher and lower. The boat rocked, received a smart slap of the waves now and then, gyrated; so that the lightship, which stolidly winked at him from the quicksand—the single object which told him his bearings—was sometimes on his right hand and sometimes on his left. Nevertheless, he could always discern from it that his course, whether stemwards or sternwards, was steadily south, towards the Race.

The waves seemed to toss him roughly about, though there was really but little lop on the sea. Presently he heard, or fancied he heard, a new murmur from the distance, above the babble of waters immediately about his cockleshell. It was the nearing voice of the Race. "Thank God, I am near my journey's end," he said.

Yet he was not quite sure about its being the Race. But it did not matter: the Race was sure to come, sooner or later: everything tended thither. He now began to close his eyes. The boat soon shipped larger and larger volumes of spray, and often a painful came flat upon his face. But he did not mind.

How long this state of jeopardy lasted Pearston hardly knew. It was ended by a sudden crash, which threw him against some hard body, striking his head. He was fully

This was duly posted by himself that evening in the little letter-box in the village square.

He went home to bed. Everything was done, even to the packing of his portmanteau. Nothing remained for him but to depart—to an exile on one of the four quarters of the globe, telegraph that he had found the lost one, and be heard of in this isle no more.

prepared for a liquid death, but a death by concussion was so entirely unanticipated that the shock made him cry out in a fierce resentment at the interruption to his design.

A bright light thereupon shone over him, and some voices shouted out in the island dialect. He knew that the speakers were the lightship men, and felt warm blood running down his head where it had been struck. Then he found himself in the water grasping something; then he was seized in turn, and hauled up. Then he saw faces, and bird-cages, and rabbit-hutches, on a deck—a sort of floating menagerie; and then he remembered no more.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HE BECOMES AWARE OF NEW CONDITIONS.

When next Pearson knew that there was such a state as life, and such an attribute of it as perceptiveness, that night of turbulence, spiritual and physical, had a long time passed away. He was lethargically conscious of lying in some soft bed, surrounded by darkness and silence, a warm atmosphere hanging about him, his only trouble being a sense of hugeness as regarded his head, which seemed to be almost the whole of his person, absorbing the rest of his frame into its circumference. Growing more and more conscious of himself, he realised that this enormous head throbbed with a dull pain.

He again lost sense of himself. When he next was cognisant of externals Pearson seemed to hear a whispered conversation going on around him, and the touch of footsteps

Still, that was whose voice it was; and every minute added weight to the conviction that his wife Marcia stood there.

She spoke again about the visit of the surgeon. Yes—it was his wife Marcia.

Pearson was stupefied. Conjecture he could not; would not. It sickened him to enter upon any kind of conjecture whatever. Enough that she was there. As for more, it had always been possible that she should have remained alive, and it was therefore not impossible that she should be here.

She evidently did not know that he had recognised her, and spoke on as the nurse merely. To reveal to her his discovery would have begotten explanations, and he could not endure the thought of explanations. Thus the two remained. Occasionally others came in—a surgeon, an assistant. A conversation in whispers would follow outside the door. But Marcia seemed always to remain at hand.

His mind had nothing else more prominent to fasten upon, and, the room being still kept almost in darkness, he could not avoid adding her fancied figure to the movements he heard. This process carried him considerably backward in his own history. He thought of how he had met this woman on the Pebble Bank, how they had travelled to London together, had hastily married, had repented at leisure; and how thereafter a curtain had dropped between them which had been virtually death, despite a little lifting now. Yes, that very woman was in the room with him, he felt sure.

Since he could not see her, he still continued to imaginatively picture her. The stately, upright figure, the rather

face which had been stamped upon his mind-sight by the voice, the face of Marcia forty years ago, vanished utterly. In its place was a wrinkled crone, with a pointed chin, her figure bowed, her hair as white as snow. To this the once handsome face had been brought by the raspings, chisellings, stewings, bakings, and freezings of forty years. The Juno of that day was the Witch of Endor of this.

He must have shuddered at the discovery of what time had done, possibly have uttered a slight gasp; at all events, she knew in some way of the shock to his sensitiveness that her skeleton-figure caused him.

"I am sorry to shock you," she said. "But the moth eats the garment somewhat in five-and-thirty years."

"Yes—yes! . . . I am glad I am become an old man during the last month. For now you have a right to be old also. . . . Don't tell me why you came to me. Still, I wonder why?"

"My life's little measure is nearly danced out. So is yours, apparently. Therefore, when I saw your advertisements for me—proving that you were still living—I thought we might as well make our final bows and exits together. . . . Ah!—who is that?" Somebody had tapped at the door, and she crossed the room and opened it.

"Who was it?" he asked, when the door had closed again.

"Somebody with a telegram for me. Dear me! Curious that it should come just now!"

"What?"

"A telegram to inform me that the declaration of nullity



He pushed the skiff down the slope, floated it, and jumped into it without an oar.

on a carpet. A dreamy state followed, and a bandage about his head was loosened, and he opened his eyes.

The light in the apartment was so subdued that nothing around him could be seen with any distinctness. A living figure was present, moving about softly. He discerned that it was feminine, and this was all for the time.

He was recalled to his surroundings by a voice murmuring the inquiry: "Does the light try your eyes?"

The tones seemed familiar; they were rich in quality, as if they had once been powerful. Yet he could not attach a personality to them, though he knew they had been spoken by the woman who was nursing him.

Pearson murmured an answer, and tried to understand more of what had happened. Then he felt uneasy, distressed, and stupid again.

Next day he was conscious of a sudden intellectual expansion. For the first time since lying there he seemed to approximate to himself as he had formerly been. Upon the whole, he felt glad that he had not been annihilated by his own act. When he tried to speak he found that he could do so without difficulty, and he said: "Where am I?"

"At your lodgings," the voice of the nurse replied. "At East Wake."

"Was I picked up and brought here?"

"Yes."

That voice—it was known to him absurdly well. Certainly it was. Avice's it was not. As well as his pain would let him, he mentally overhauled the years of his life. Only one woman in all his experience had ever possessed precisely those tones, and he had assumed her to be dead these thirty years, notwithstanding the sending out of bogus advertisements for her to delude Avice into happiness.

high colour, the classical profile, the rather large handsome nose and somewhat prominent though regular teeth, the full dark eye. In short, the queenly—far too queenly—creature who had infatuated him when the first Avice was despised and her successors unknown.

With her comings and goings in the gloom his fancy associated this image so continually that it became not unpleasing to him as an artist in form. The human essence was added when she rendered him the attentions made necessary by his helplessness. But she always kept herself in the remote distance of the room, obviously unaware as yet that he knew her.

"When may I have the daylight let in upon me?" he asked of the doctor.

"Very soon," replied that gentleman. "But the wound is such that you may lose your sight if you are allowed to strain it prematurely."

So he waited, Marcia being always in the background, watchful to tenderness. He hoped she would never attempt to tell him how she came there. He could not endure the thought of having to enter into such details. At present he felt as if he were living in those early days of his marriage with her.

His eyes, having been tested, were deemed able to bear the stress of seeing clearly. Soft daylight was allowed to illuminate the room.

"Nurse," he said. "Let me see you. Why do you always keep behind my head?"

She went to the window, through which the light had only been allowed even now to enter between the blinds. Reaching it, she pulled the blind up a little way, till the outer brightness fell full upon her. An unexpected shock was the result. The

as to the marriage between you and Avice Pearson was pronounced this morning."

"At whose instigation was the petition made?"

"At mine. She asked me what she ought to do."

He put up his hand to tear open his wound, and bring eternal night upon this lurid awakening. "But she is happy," he said. "And, as for me?"

His wife passed by the mantelpiece, over which hung an enlarged photograph of Avice, that he had brought thither when he left the other house, as the single object which he cared to bring. The contrast of the ancient Marcia's aspect, both with this portrait and with her own fine former self, brought into his brain a sudden sense of the grotesqueness of things. His wife was—not Avice, but that parchment-covered skull moving about his room. An irresistible fit of laughter, so violent as to be an agony, seized upon him, and started in him with such momentum that he could not stop it. He laughed and laughed, till he was almost too weak to draw breath.

Marcia hobbled up, frightened. "What's the matter?" she asked; and, turning to a second nurse, "He is weak—hysterical."

"O—no, no! I—I—it is too, too droll—this ending to my would-be romantic history!" Ho-ho-ho!

THE END.

A NEW STORY BY WALTER BESANT.

The "Illustrated London News" for Jan. 7, 1893, will contain the Opening Chapters of a New Story by Mr. WALTER BESANT, entitled "THE REBEL QUEEN."

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S POEMS.

The criticism of a genuine poet is not a task to be undertaken with a light heart, and the difficulty of dealing adequately with *Lachrymæ Musarum, and Other Poems*, by William Watson (Macmillan and Co.), is for us considerably increased by the recent appearance of the principal piece in our own columns. Our amiable modesty, however, must not be allowed to deprive Mr. Watson of his just praise, or to silence the frank expression of our pride at having been privileged to give to the world a poem in no respect below its theme. Further we must not go, but fortunately the elegy is its own recommendation. Its merits must be patent to all who can appreciate noble thought, just expression, and the solemn harmony of stately verse. The imitation of "Lycidas" is equally patent, and ought, in our opinion, to be reckoned to the credit of the young poet, who has shown sound judgment in modelling his strain on the precedent of a master rather than trying to extemporise a novel style on such short notice. One or two blemishes will probably disappear upon further revision. We cannot, for example, believe that Mr. Watson seriously thinks an attitude of humility befitting Keats in the presence of Tennyson; and if he does not maintain the proposition, he cannot maintain the verse. A more serious blemish, but one which Mr. Watson's elegy shares with most

brisk breeze and open sea. Mr. Watson appears to us more felicitous in working upon an idea thus given him from without than in evolving one from within, except when its singleness and simplicity admit of an almost epigrammatic treatment. Johnson's unlucky sentence on Collins's poetry might well fit "The Dream of Man," a poem faultless in expression, but extorting more praise than it is capable of repaying in pleasure. In "Beauty's Metempsychosis," on the other hand, one trite thought is exalted by choice diction and choice metre to the third heaven of poetry—

That beauty such as thine
Can die indeed,
Were ordinance too wantonly malign;
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower
Some effluence rare
Was lent thee, a divine but transient dower.
Thou yield'st it back from eyes and lips and hair
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou to-morrow die,
Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky;
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,
Shouldst thou to-morrow die.

RICHARD GARNETT.

poet's mission, for I find in an earlier volume of his this admirable exposition of the same idea—

O if you ever give a thought to me
In years to come, remember me as one
Who tried to tread this higher path to God,
Who felt the burning truth of the Ideal,
And longed to shape his life by all it taught,
Though his dull flesh would often stop his ears
And blind his eyes to all the Beautiful.

In these "English Poems" there is a sonnet to Matthew Arnold which strikes the same note—

Gone! they have called our shepherd from the hill,
Passed is the sunny sadness of his song,
That song which sang of sight, and yet was brave
To lay the ghosts of seeing, subtly strong
To wean from tears, and from the troughs to save!
And who shall teach us now that he is still?

When Mr. Le Gallienne wrote this he may have had in his mind that noble sonnet of Matthew Arnold's in which poetry is likened to the Italian bride who was crushed to death at a festival, and beneath whose silken raiment was found "a robe of sackcloth next the smooth white skin."

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse, young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside: a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

But this high mood is not supreme in Mr. Le Gallienne's



"THE TEARS OF THE MUSES."—DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

SPECIAL DESIGN FOR A PRIVATELY PRINTED COPY OF MR. WATSON'S POEM "LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM."

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S POEMS.

English Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)—The poet who sings because he must, or because the linnet sings, has never seemed to me to justify himself entirely. He chooses this comparison in his desire to be thought as spontaneous as the bird; but as we know that he tunes his pipe and makes cunning harmonies with no little artifice, we ask for something more than the pure lyrical joy of the linnet after a particularly succulent worm. If the poet must sing, it is of the very essence of his craft that he should have distinct purpose and significance in his matter. I am not speaking of roundelay and triolets, and other pretty exercises to which any skilful weaver of words may turn his hand. In prose most of us can write by the yard without professing any grave responsibility. An enormous quantity of prose is written annually, even by eminent hands, who do not materially increase the output of wisdom or make themselves special ministers of grace. But a poet is a minister, or he is nothing. It is he who clothes his spirit with a shining garb of exalted rhythm, who snatches thoughts and melodies from spheres into which the poor penman in homespun can never enter—it is he who has some message which shall pass through earthly envelopes to the soul. It may be thunder, and it may be exquisite solace. But it must not make us wonder whether the dainty metres are mere phylacteries, or whether the shining garb has been hired at Nathan's.

I know Mr. Le Gallienne agrees with this estimate of the

volume. He has sometimes followed another shepherd, whose verse is like a troop of Bacchanals revelling in an intolerable quantity of sack to a halfpennyworth of thought. In this company Mr. Le Gallienne's Muse forgets austerity, and indulges in some gambols which make a large demand even on an easy tolerance. I am not in favour of sackcloth at all seasons, and I can find a good deal of charm in Mr. Le Gallienne's poems of love—in "Paolo and Francesca," for instance, a distinctly happy setting of an old story; in "The Destined Maid"; and in the diverting argument that a wife's predecessors in her husband's heart are the imperfect heralds of her perfect self. This is what the ladies in Congreve would have called "agreeable impudence." But Mr. Le Gallienne demands a higher tribunal than the ladies in Congreve. He has a worthy petition than

Send me a maiden meet for love, I pray!

To adopt his own fine and significant phrase about Matthew Arnold, he has a vision the ghosts of which cannot and ought not to be laid. To toy with the tangles in Neera's hair is an interlude, not an experience; to dally with sensations which miscall themselves "Love Platonic" is neither. The most noteworthy of these poems is "The Décadent to his Soul," which is worth a lifetime of amatory trifling. In this Mr. Le Gallienne shows that he is capable of asserting that definite intellectual standpoint without which the most melodious verse is but a tinkling cymbal. This poem is a vivid analysis of a school of debasement repugnant enough to the healthy moral as to the healthy intellectual sense. Imagination is fused with genuine thought in a flash which shows that "hidden ground," elsewhere only too well hidden. If Mr. Le Gallienne is to take his place in years to come among the poets whom we read to remember, he must make much more verse that is worthy of this one achievement.

L. F. AUSTIN.



"SAPPHO."—BY L. PERRAULT.

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE.

The National Agricultural Conference which met in St. James's Hall on Dec. 7 and 8 was undeniably the most representative gathering of two of the three landed interests that ever assembled in one room. The labourers, indeed, were not there in any strength, though a youthful organiser from Hertfordshire, who looked about sixteen, but who made a speech of considerable vigour, was present, together with the representatives of the east coast workers. But the owners and occupiers of the soil were present in great force. There were veteran tenant-farmer leaders like Mr. Clare Sewell Read, white with age and service; there was the famous poor-law expert and wise friend of the farmers, Mr. Albert Pell, as clear, as incisive, as sensible as of old. Tenant representatives of a rather newer class were to be found in Mr. Everett and Mr. More, and a veteran of the show and stock yard was there in the person of sturdy Mr. John Treadwell, conspicuous in a white beaver hat and with a face that might have stood for Mr. Punch's John Bull. The landowning class were also largely represented, its two most popular figures being Mr. Lowther, the chairman, and Mr. Chaplin. By their side sat Lord Winchilsea, alert, keen, an admirable speaker, whose proposal of an Agricultural Union, commended with singular verve and spirit, fairly carried the conference off its feet. There was Sir Richard Paget, handsome, white-haired, and correct, a fellow-champion with Mr. Clare Sewell Read and Mr. Albert Pell on many a well-fought field. Perhaps the class most completely represented was that of the large tenant-farmers, though there was a good sprinkling of the dairy and pastoral class. The Northerners were very strongly represented, and in the end they exercised no mean influence over the course of the conference: sturdy, plainly dressed men, with rolling speech and a certain

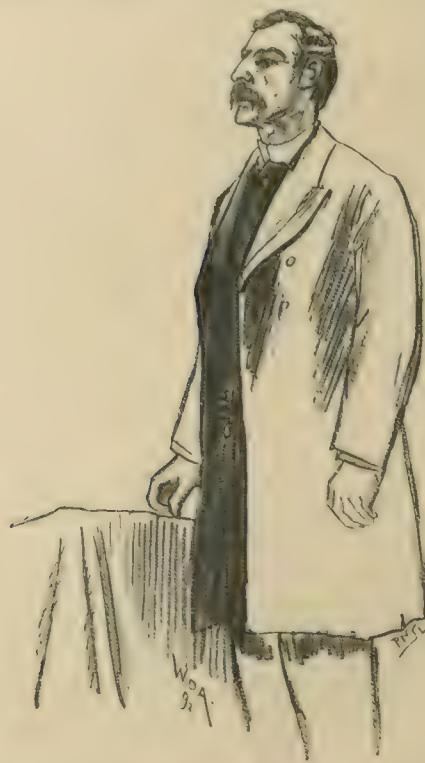


MR. JAMES LOWTHER, CHAIRMAN.

good chairman, and Mr. Chaplin was, on the whole, the most conspicuous figure of the conference. He spoke with considerable force, and his familiar presence was the rallying-point of enthusiasm.

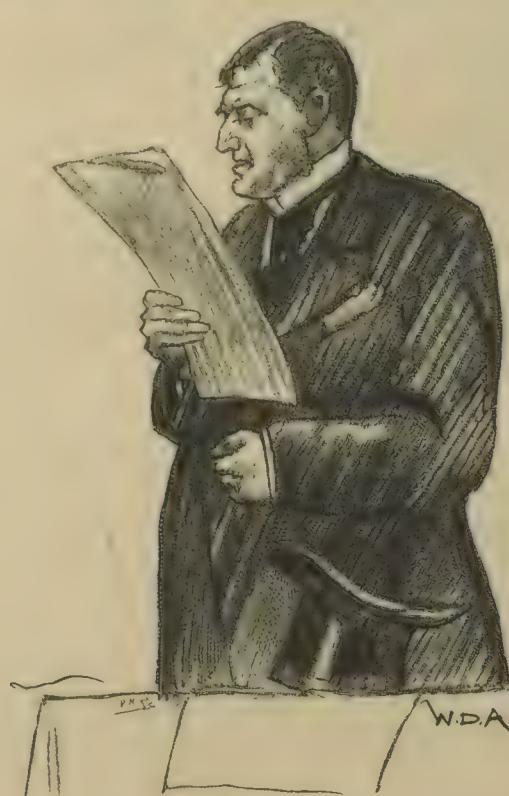
The sitting lasted for two days, and the history of each day has a character of its own. On the first day the old-

motion was put, a forest of hands shot up in support of it, and its adoption was hailed with round after round of cheering. Bimetallism did not attract anything like so large an audience, and the debate was a little thin and uninspiring. The case of the monometallists was put with great simplicity and force by a banker and a member of the Surveyors' Institute, but Mr. Chaplin's strong lead prevailed. The second day, however, witnessed a change. The Lancashire and Northern farmers combined to back a resolution in favour of amending the Agricultural Holdings Act, abolishing the law of distress, and dividing the rates between owner and occupier. Man after man pressed on to the platform and spoke with great vigour and independence, the speech of one rough orator, known as the Bradlaugh of Lancashire, creating something of a sensation. Mr. Clare Sewell Read threw in his lot cautiously with the motion, though strongly against an amendment for the three F's—fair rent, free sale, and fixity of tenure. In the end, the more moderate resolution was carried by a decisive majority. All through the conference, indeed, there were visible two distinct strains of feeling—one from the pastoral farmers, who have not as yet suffered so severely as their arable brethren, and the other from the wheat-growing districts of the south and east, where the distress is most acute. The former were, in the main, for Free Trade and land reform, the latter for Protection and a silver currency. Ultimately the conference compromised between the two schools, and the debates came to a peaceful close. Perhaps, however, the proposal which excited the most unanimous approval was Lord Winchilsea's suggestion of an Agricultural Union. In a five-minutes speech in which he moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, Lord Winchilsea



LORD WINCHILSEA.

rough eloquence of their own, plain to a degree, but knowing their own minds as some of the southern farmers did not seem to know it—indeed, they came much better prepared and organised than any other section. They represented in the main the Free-trading as against the Protectionist view, and, though they were beaten on the first day, they rallied with surprising force on the second. Mr. Lowther made a very



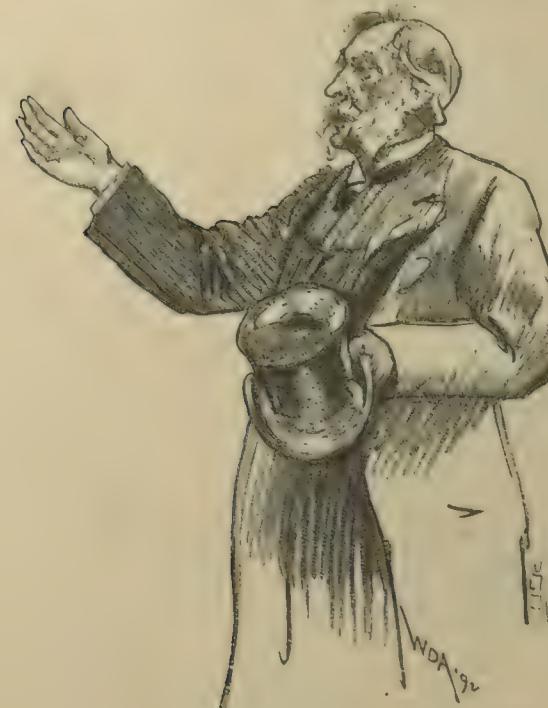
MR. CHAPLIN.

fashioned Protectionist and the new-fangled bimetallist, both of them varieties of an old school of thinking, swept the floor. On the second day the more advanced school rallied under the direction of the Lancashire delegates, and carried a moderate resolution in favour of land reform. At first it seemed as if the whole conference was Protectionist to the backbone. Though Mr. Chaplin rather shied at the question and tried to lead the conference on the side track of bimetallism, every reference to Protection was fiercely cheered, and shouts of approval echoed from hundreds of sturdy throats that might have been no shame to John Peel voicing the feeling of the men who had come to town to vote for a tax on foreign corn. In vain did Mr. W. E. Bear, the well-known editor of the *Mark*

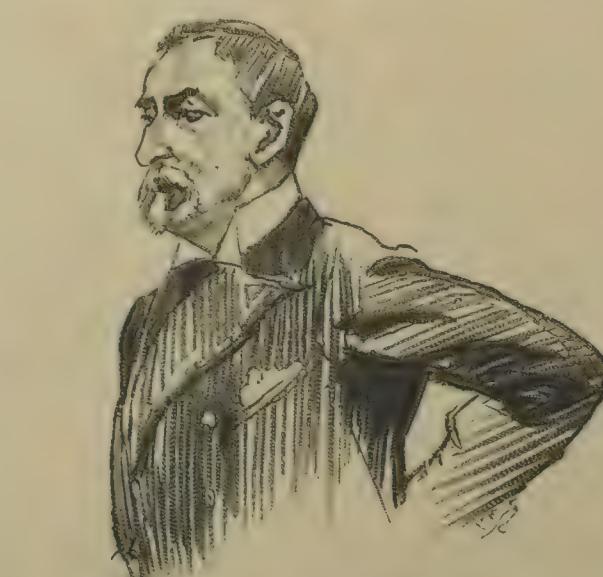


MR. FRANK SMITH.

rapidly and powerfully outlined a scheme for organising the agricultural interest of landlords, farmers, and labourers irrespective of party. "Act, and act at once," was the motto which he commanded to the attention of the conference. The meeting took it up enthusiastically, and it will probably prove the one reverberating note of the gathering at St. James's Hall.



"THE VOICE OF IRELAND."



"A RUINED LANDLORD."

Lanc Express, strove to stem the torrent with a moderate resolution asking for reforms on which the conference was united. He was heard with impatience, and his motion did not command the votes of more than one quarter of the delegates. When Mr. Nethersole's out-and-out Protectionist



MR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

CURIOSITIES, TRUE AND FALSE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Curiosities, rarities, all that the fetichistic instincts of the collector gather, were originally, no doubt, made with no after-thought, and only became "rare" by chance and lapse of time. But in these latter days there are more collectors than curiosities, and new curiosities have to be found or made. It is a difficult thing to get a good Greek or Graeco-Roman engraved stone; rich amateurs and museums snap them up as soon as they are unearthed and brought to the market. Once I had a chance—a cornelian cameo, from Cyprus, in a setting of oxidised silver. It bore an effigy of Athene, with her shield and snake, as in the famous long-lost statue of the Parthenon. To myself the figure of Athene, to be profane, looked stumpy and "tubby": the work seemed rather late Graeco-Roman, so I let it go, and then a very high authority pronounced it to be of the best Greek period. *Transeat cum ceteris.* As there are not real gems enough to go round, imitations exist in plenty, and sometimes deceive even good judges. In another range of curiosities, Scotch antiquaries are agitated by learning that reams of false MSS. are on the market—letters of Burns, Scott, autograph poems, Jacobite documents, everything that would be desirable if it were genuine. Fortunately, we do not all covet the same rarities, and an autograph letter (if it contain no new and important facts) or an autograph poem, unless it is a poem previously unheard of and good at that, leaves me cold. Now, it is not very difficult for an expert, armed with old papers, to forge an autograph copy of a poem already familiar; but if it is familiar I would liefer read it in print. Nor is it hard to imitate a note accepting or declining an invitation; but then the letter, even if by Burns, is only dear to the fanatic. To write such a letter on a matter of real interest—as Burns, or Scott, or Thackeray would have written—is quite out of the power of the forger—

I' faith he canna fa' that.

The Thackeray forgeries were discovered by the addition of an anachronistic "W" to a Kensington address, but the style itself bewrayed them. The shabby forger was not a literary man with the gift of imitation, and even such a man could scarce escape detection. It is simple, given the skill in handwriting, to forge a letter of Prince Charles. Many examples, from the Stuart Papers at Windsor, can be read in Browne's "History of the Highlands." His Royal Highness's spelling is easy of imitation. Spell "James" "Gems"; "sword," "sord"; "Cluny," "Clugnie" sign "C. P. R." with a flourish, and the deed is done. But to know exactly what Scott would have said, or what Burns would have said, and to say it, is not given to the cheap forger, though he who devised the Shelley letters took in Mr. Browning.

Out of Mr. Browning's own poems a curiosity has grown in a remarkable way. A bookseller advertises several sets of the poet's proof-sheets, sent by him with letters and manuscript notes to a reviewer, for the purpose, as the advertisement says, of "enabling the primary review of each to be written." "The primary review" is good; the idea seems to be that there is in every case one review—the primary—which all other critics regard as a model, and conform to with decent humility. Where the primary reviews of Mr. Browning's later works appeared, unluckily, we do not know, but the critic was certainly fortunate in possessing the author's own explanatory notes. These, doubtless, reached the public, which must have been Mr. Browning's purpose. Even malignity could hardly accuse him of wishing to procure favourable reviews. Was the critic a scholar? In sending his

"Agamemnon," Mr. Browning says, "If I might advise you, get a translation, and form your ideas about the work and nature of the drama itself, and there will only remain to remark on the peculiarities of my work," which, indeed, were numerous, instructive, and characteristic. This is a curiosity indeed. The primary review of a version of *Æschylus* is to be written by a gentleman or lady who is assumed by the author of the English rendering not to be able to read the Greek. No literal translation of *Æschylus*, in prose, except Mr. Buckley's crib in Bohn's series, exists, as far as I am aware, in our language. Did the primary reviewer really criticise a great English poet's version of a great Greek poet's play in the dry light of Bohn? One has seen translations from the Greek reviewed by gentry untutored in that tongue, but not by the author's desire, and not as primary reviews. For this undeniably curious curiosity a considerable price is asked. The misfortune is that these really valuable examples are likely to fall into the wrong hands. Two kinds of people desire them—minute literary inquirers and mere collectors of rarities. The latter are likely to have the longer purses. The literary critic may learn much about Mr. Browning's or any other poet's taste and method by reading his corrections. Thus,

in the proof-sheets of "Redgauntlet" we find that Scott, who wrote so fluently and with so few corrections, added many of the best points of "Wandering Willie's Tale" on the margin of the proofs. It is undoubtedly a literary luxury to see how and when the humorous or terrible ideas arose, not on the first flash of creative fancy, but later, after an interval, after reflection. This knowledge, perhaps, leads to nothing, but it is interesting. However, the critic can seldom afford to enrich his lore by purchasing such things, for which national libraries are the proper place. Thither they naturally tend to arrive, by purchase or gift; meanwhile, the collector at least takes care of them. Another advertisement, elsewhere printed, asks for certain rare editions of the late Laureate's works, and among them (whether of them or not) for "Enid and Nivine" (1837). Did Tennyson write on Enid, and print what he had written, a quarter of a century before he published the "Idylls of the King"? Who is Nivine?

the last words of five which are in none of our manuscripts. It seems to follow that some time in the third century before our era there was at least one text of the Iliad very different from that which has reached us, and different, too, from that on which the Alexandrian critics of about 220 B.C. made their notes. For, even if they had rejected the lines which existed in this manuscript, they would have mentioned them, and the mention would have reached us in the *scholia* or notes of the famous Venice manuscript. Another strange thing is that the lost lines are not missed in the existing text; there seems no occasion for their existence. If Mr. Flinders Petrie could only find the rest of that broken and blackened papyrus, how tongues would wag, and how ink would flow, and how all Germany would rush into the fray!

THE TROPHY OF THE FIRST BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS.

A remarkably beautiful silver trophy has just been manufactured for the Colonel and officers of the First Battalion of the oldest regiment of the line. Four periods in its eventful history have been selected as illustrations of the uniform and weapons used respectively by a pikeman in 1625, a musketeer in 1685, a private in 1742, and a colour-sergeant in 1813. Then we have panels representing four battles in which the regiment played a brilliant and brave part—Blenheim, Corunna, San Sebastian, and Quatre-Bras. On the summit of the gleaming trophy stands the figure of the doughty Sir Robert Douglas, who recovered a standard which had been lost at the battle of Steenkirke in 1692, and who was shot on attaining this success. It is evident that much studious research has been expended in rendering this trophy an accurate as well as an artistic centrepiece. The designing and modelling are by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of 156, New Bond Street, W. The history of the battalion is deeply interesting. It may be recalled that the regimental piper was among those who received the Queen's bounty after Blenheim. Both battalions of the Royal Scots took part in the beginning of the Seven Years' War in America and in the War of Independence, afterwards doing good service in the West Indies. The First Battalion next proceeded to Canada, especially distinguishing itself at Niagara. Two other battalions were formed in 1803. The proud title, "Royal Scots," which was revived by the Queen to the delight of the regiment, was originally given in 1812, when her Majesty's father was colonel. It was changed in 1821 to the "Royal Regiment."

Nor can we forbear to mention the undaunted courage displayed in the Crimea, where the First Battalion fought at Alma, Inkerman, and at the siege of Sebastopol. This memorial of a regiment which glories in the words "Nemo me impune lacerat" is alike honourable to itself and to the skilled artificers who have told its story in silver.

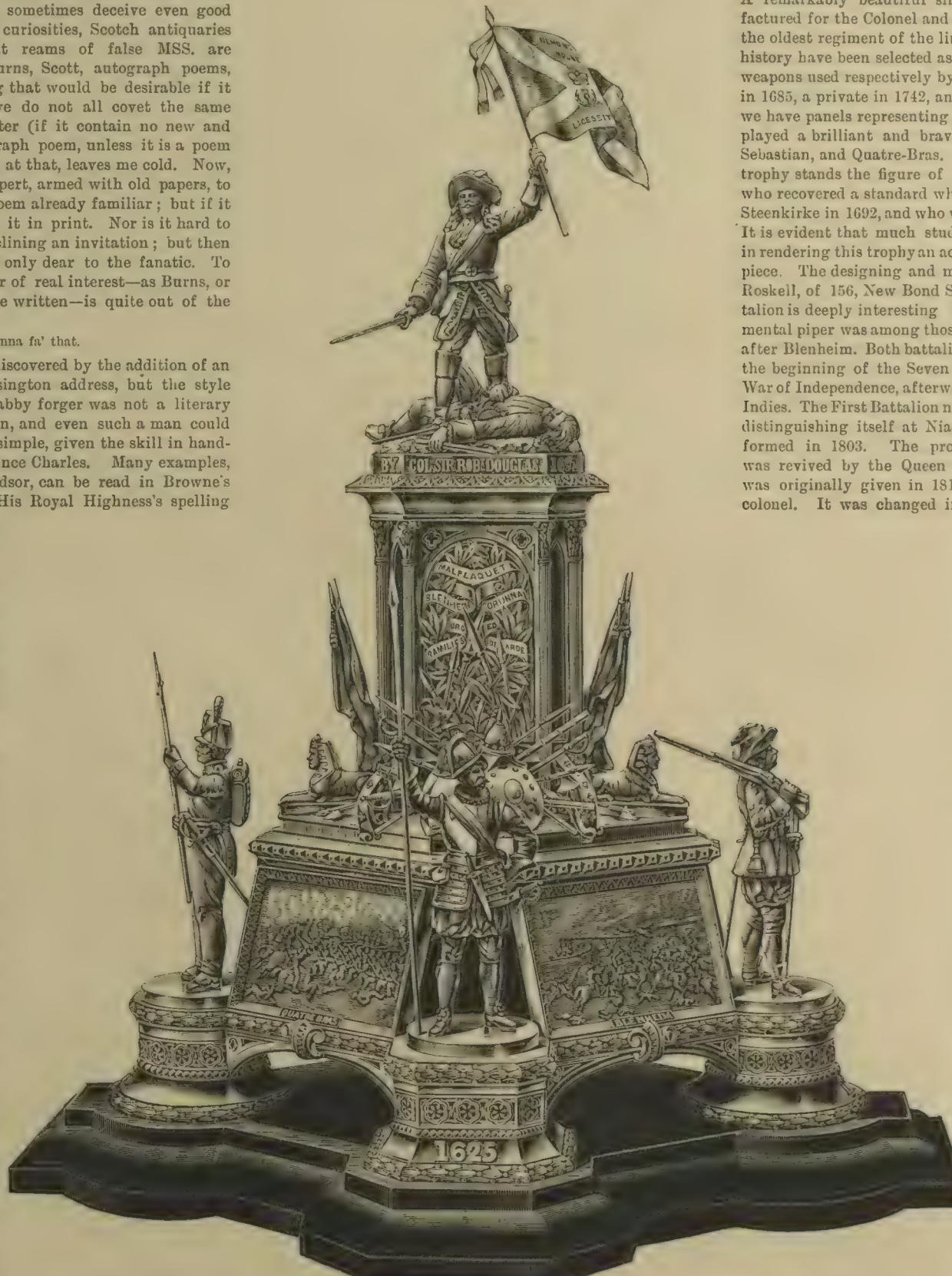
The Royal Agricultural Society of England held its general meeting on Thursday, Dec. 8, the Duke of Westminster presiding. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein was present; also the Duke of Richmond and other noblemen. The total number of members is now eleven thousand. The show at Warwick Castle last June yielded a financial surplus of £2000. Next year's meeting will be on June 19 at Chester. Sir Jacob Wilson has resigned the post of honorary director, and is elected a life governor. He was presented with a testimonial and a handsome tea and coffee service. Miss E. Ormerod's resignation of the post of honorary consulting entomologist is also regretted. The society will appoint a professional zoologist, to study and report on all animals, birds, and insects either useful or noxious to agriculture.

The Goldsmiths' Company has offered to give £25,000 to the Guinness Trustees for the completion of the workmen's dwellings in Lever Street, and the Guinness Trustees have accepted this gift.

The Victoria Cross is to be presented to Lance-Corporal William James Gordon, of the West India Regiment, who bravely saved the life of his superior officer, Major G. C. Madden, and was himself shot through the lungs, in the attack of Toniakaba, on March 13 this year.

The North and North-East Lancashire Association of Cotton-Spinners and Manufacturers have resolved to adopt short time to the extent of three days a week during the present crisis of the trade. The stoppage of the mills has caused severe distress in the Ashton and Stalybridge and Heywood districts.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, at its annual meeting on Dec. 9, Sir T. Sutherland, M.P., in the chair, found a net surplus of revenue of £182,912, allowing dividends equivalent to 7½ per cent. on the paid-up capital, notwithstanding a decrease of £77,000 in the gross traffic receipts, and some loss on the Eastern rates of exchange. The loss to the company from the wreck of the *Bokhara* will come into next year's account.



SILVER TROPHY, FORMING CENTREPIECE, MANUFACTURED FOR THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE FIRST BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS.

Can she be Nimue, another name for Vivien? Or did someone anticipate him in writing of Enid? In the former case, here is a literary curiosity indeed.

The worst of it is that some impish spirit in human nature makes many of us care a great deal more for the curiosity, the experiment, the rejected failure, the sketch, than for the finished piece. If one of Molire's lost early farces could be discovered, there would be more joy, in certain circles, than over all that he deemed, in his careless way, not unworthy of preservation. The Aristotelian "Republic of Athens" excited people who never read a page of his "Politics." If Scott's "Siege of Malta" were published (an impossible case), people who cannot read Scott would send for it to Mr. Mudie's. Thackeray's "Flore et Zephyre," the most unconsidered of his works, is the most valued by collectors. There has been found in Egypt, unluckily, an Homeric curiosity—a fragment of papyrus on which occur the first words of some twenty lines of the Iliad, and the last words of some twenty other lines. The date is proved, by the other documents in the same grave, to be somewhere between 280—221 B.C. I have not by me Mr. Mahaffy's published text of this fragment; but the odd thing is that out of twenty or two dozen lines there remain



"A RECOGNITION."—BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



"READY FOR THE ROAD."—BY MAX LEVIS.

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PANEL PAINTING OF THE DOOM.

The parish of Wenhaston is situated in the north-east part of the county of Suffolk, between Halesworth and Southwold, and about two miles from Blythburgh to the abbey of which the advowson of its church formerly belonged. We give an Illustration of the church, which consists of western tower, nave, north aisle, south porch, and chancel. The chancel retains two windows of late twelfth-century date, the tower and nave arcade are of the second half of the fourteenth century, while



THE PARISH CHURCH OF WENHASTON, SUFFOLK.

the windows in the nave and aisle and south porch are probably not earlier than the sixteenth century. The font, though it has been cruelly mutilated, still remains as an interesting example of late Perpendicular work. The sculpture on the panels of the bowl, which probably represented the seven sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church and an incident in the life of Christ, as may still be seen in several churches of the neighbourhood, was carefully hacked away in 1809, as appears by the churchwarden's accounts for that year, and at this same time it was newly embellished with colour and gilding. The nave roof is high-pitched and of the hammer-beam type, though the figures at the end of the hammer-beams have been destroyed. A visit by Dowsing, the well-known iconoclast of the eastern counties, is recorded as having been made to this church in 1643, when the stained glass, font cover, and organs were removed.

Beyond certain churchwarden improvements, such as the erection of a west gallery and the consequent blocking up of the tower arch, but little in the way of restoration had been attempted until the present vicar, the Rev. J. B. Clare, took the matter in hand. There was no chancel arch, but the old rood beam remained, and above this was a large whitewashed partition reaching to the roof and entirely blocking off the chancel. This the vicar had taken down with a view to the erection of the present chancel arch of nicely carved oak; and, as only traces of texts were visible and it was not anticipated that anything of archaeological interest was being removed, the partition was accordingly placed in the churchyard. A very heavy shower of rain in the night washed away some of the layers of plaster, and exposed

portions of figures of early character. On this fact being communicated to the vicar, he at once had the partition removed to the old parish school-room, and proceeded to get rid of the whitewash, and, after removing various layers of plaster, texts, &c., eventually brought to light the very interesting panel painting of the Doom, or great Day of Judgment, as shown in the accompanying Illustration. The panel is 17 ft. 3 in. in breadth at the bottom by 8 ft. 6 in. in height in the centre, and attached to it—and this is one of the most uncommon features in connection with it—has been a sculptured representation of the Holy Rood, our Blessed Lord on a Cross ragulé in the centre, and a figure of the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist on either side. Only the outlines of these now remain. The painting of the Doom occupies the whole of the remaining space of the panel, between and on either side of the subjects of the Holy Rood. In the upper part, on the dexter side of the Cross, is a figure of the Divine Judge seated on the rainbow, with hands held out and side bare, and with the drapery so disposed as to show the wounds in His hands and side, from which blood is flowing. By His head is depicted the sun, and near His right hand a scroll, no doubt formerly charged with the words "Venite benedicti." On the sinister side of the Cross are kneeling figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist in his raiment of camel's hair, clearly suppliant on behalf of sinful mankind. Above is the moon, and behind a scroll formerly charged with the inscription, "Discedite maledicti." Below, the subject is divided into four main groups by the Cross and attendant figures of the Virgin and St. John. On the sinister side of the Cross is the Weighing of Souls, a majestic figure of St. Michael holding a sword in

one hand and the balances in the other. In one scale is a small nude figure, representing the good deeds of the deceased, while in the other are two demons, emblematical of the evil deeds. By this scale is a figure of Satan, with horns and tail, bat's-wings, and eyes in his legs, holding a scroll, probably the indictment against the deceased, and superintending the soul-weighing. A scroll proceeding from the hand of St. Michael seems to contain the words "Nam quod deest tu facias tui bonum esto," which appears to be an answer to the indictment of Satan, that all that is deficient in the record of the deceased shall redound to his (Satan's) advantage. It is satisfactory to note that here, as is commonly the case, the good deeds are outweighing the evil ones. The next group

on the dexter side of the Cross comprises St. Peter in rich vestments, with triple papal tiara, and holding the key of the gate to heaven, receiving four redeemed souls. These are still unclothed, but two have crowns—one a mitre, and the other a cardinal's hat, denoting their worldly rank as a king, queen, bishop, and cardinal. On the dexter side are the heavenly mansions, portrayed by a castellated building with two entrances, at each of which an angel is admitting a nude figure. Above can be made out part of an angel blowing a trumpet, but this portion of the panel has been cut away to make room for a stove-pipe. On the sinister side of the picture are the jaws of hell, depicted by a large fish's head with a swine's snout, on which a demon is seated, blowing a ram's horn. Within the jaws is a black demon with monster ears dragging in a recumbent figure, while eight more nude figures in attitudes of the deepest despair are encircled by a red-hot chain, and are being forced into the terrible chasm by a demon with a pronged fork. Another demon is carrying a female head-downwards, possibly a typical representation of Pride, the chief of the seven deadly sins. In the intervening spaces five figures are represented as rising from their graves. The subject is, no doubt, realistic according to our modern ideas, but it is to be hoped that means may be adopted for its preservation.

There are many points of interest about it. The arrangement of the several groups and the expression of the individual figures are not without merit. The various colours employed harmonise well and the flesh-tints are delicately depicted. The ground colour of the picture is olive-green. The chief peculiarities about it are (1) the fact of its being painted on panel; and (2) of the Holy Rood being actually attached to it. The panel paintings of the Doom in England of which any record has been preserved are very rare, and only about seven other instances can be cited, though it is possible that many may have existed in pre-Reformation times. The most interesting is the one still preserved in the triforium of Gloucester Cathedral. Only two or three instances have been noted where the Holy Rood has been incorporated with the subject of the Doom. There is no great difficulty in assigning a date to the painting, which is clearly but little anterior to the period of the Reformation, probably not earlier than 1520, at which date considerable alterations were being effected in the church. There are many distinctive features, which prove it to be of late character. As to the hand which executed it, there is no record, but it is probable that it was painted at the cost, and most likely by one of the monks of Blythburgh who would naturally take a special interest and direct any improvements in this church so closely connected with their own foundation. The text shown in the Illustration is from Romans xiii. 1-6, and may be as early as the time of Queen Elizabeth.

We are requested to state that this panel will be on view at Burlington House until Dec. 22 and at the School-room, Dean Street, Soho, until Dec. 27.



A PANEL PAINTING OF THE DOOM, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN WENHASTON PARISH CHURCH.

THE NEW EYE HOSPITAL, OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

The impulse of the natural man when he hears of the erection of a new hospital is—and not altogether unjustifiably—one of complete disapproval and distrust. "Have we not," he cries, "too many hospitals already; are not many of them grossly ill-managed, hopelessly in debt, and designed to further the interests of the medical staff rather than those of sick humanity?" But, happily for mankind, most of us are more



SPECIAL STAIRCASES.

generous than our theories and prejudices, and the most cynical and selfish among us is humbled and subdued and touched in the solemn presence of pain and disease. Let any man or woman who is capable of feeling go down some afternoon to the small, roughly adapted, inconvenient, dilapidated outpatients' room in Southwark, where the work of the Royal Eye Hospital has been carried on quietly, steadfastly, and courageously for some twenty years; let him watch the drama of life with its comedy and tragedy that is unfolded in that shabby little room; and then let him glance across the road at the big red building which was opened on Dec. 15 by the Duke of York, and his cavilling will give place to thankfulness. The out-patients' room of an eye hospital is one of the saddest and most solemn sights in the world. It is not only the piteous spectacle of old and young groping their unaccustomed way, nor even the unmistakable evidence of



IN THE LINEN-ROOM.

physical pain and want, that smites most upon one's heart; what is infinitely more awe-striking is the intangible mental horror and foreboding—that these people—especially the men—are silently enduring, with God knows what sinking of the heart. Anyone who has ever suffered from temporary loss of eyesight, and who can recall the anguish he endured during that period of black night, will understand something of the dire terror and horror with which

blindness is regarded by working people—men whose only mortal hope lies in the use of unimpaired eyesight. Work may be obtained for the deaf and the crippled and the consumptive; but what work can be found for a blind stonemason or needlewoman, and what is the fate of a child who becomes blind while still a burden on his poverty-stricken parents? Happily, delicately as the eye is fashioned, and easily as it is injured, it is an organ capable of the most successful readjustment if the treatment be immediate and highly skilled. But successful results not only demand the most highly specialised study and handiwork, but also constant practice in the art of operating; and it is for this reason that a special Eye Hospital in South London, in the centre of myriads of works and factories, and equipped with a staff of men whose whole business is devoted to the surgery of the eye, is an immeasurable and infinitely urgent necessity. The site chosen for the new hospital is admirable, being at the juncture of six great thoroughfares, including the Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Roads, and, consequently, easily accessible by tram, train, and bus from every part of South London. It must be admitted that from the aesthetic point of view the outward aspect of the hospital would hardly meet with Mr. Ruskin's approval. Inside the hospital, however, there is nothing to quarrel with on the score of taste. The wards—fine airy rooms, warmed by hot-water pipes and ventilated by shafts top and bottom and numerous windows—have salmon-coloured walls with chocolate or olive-green dadoes. One of the many unique features of this hospital consists in the varnished floors being covered with antiseptic dressings, the whole hospital having been carefully planned on the most complete antiseptic principles. With this object, and also in view of its blind or semi-blind inmates, there is not a single projecting ledge or angle or corner throughout the building, so that the harbouring of matter in the wrong place is rendered impossible. In addition, the fittings in the wards, nurses' rooms, and other places are all immovable, and, being designed to utilise space, give the somewhat humorous suggestion of the fittings of a ship's cabin. Each nurse has her own bed-room, the most comfortable modern bed procurable, a neat little wardrobe, and a long legless table which fits into the wall, and can be kept clean and bright by the smallest expenditure of labour. The nurses' sitting-room is notable for a remarkable dining-table. It is a circular piece of furniture (designed, its proud inventor informs us, to save any squabbles about precedence), with a ledge below for the weary nurses' feet, and a revolving waiter on the top almost as large as the table itself for the reception of the second course, plates, and so forth. In the middle of the dining-table there is a large hollow space for palms and flowers, which addition will doubtless relieve its somewhat unwieldy aspect. The ingenious contrivances and apparatus to save labour, to preserve the health of the nurses, and to promote the comfort of the patients are endless, and justify the triumphant assumption that it is the most perfectly equipped eye hospital in the kingdom. Some forty patients can be accommodated, each of whom has a floor space of 120 ft., and is provided with an electric bell by which he can immediately obtain the nurse's attention if she is not in the ward.

A special word must be said about the bedsteads, which have been invented by Professor McHardy for the express purpose of rendering them suitable for operating upon, thus saving the patient the discomfort and distress of being moved to an operating-table. The legs are capable of being stayed, and the entire head can be removed without the least noise or movement, being replaced by a couple of small tables, which screw on to each of the bedposts, and which are used for the reception of the surgeon's instruments. Each ward has its own kitchen (which is not intended for the general cooking), and is fitted with a linen press, safe, ice-chest, and all the necessary requisites; also its own drinking-fountain placed in the corridor, letter-lift for sending and delivering letters, and such complete sanitary arrangements as to minimise, if not entirely abolish, the frightful mortality from blood-poisoning to which nurses fall victims in such large numbers.

It is not only the sojourner who is well cared for here: the out-patient, for whom at most hospitals anything is good enough, finds himself royally accommodated. He, she, or it—in the way of a baby—enters the hospital under a covered footway and proceeds to a big, well-warmed, electrically lighted waiting-room in the basement.

Instead of the high, narrow, backless seats which many a sick man has cursed, there are comfortable benches, provided with rests for the back and head. Moreover, they are placed at such a convenient distance from the ground as to ensure a person keeping his feet out of the way of stumbling passers-by. At the lower end of the room, underneath the flight of steps leading to the surgeons' consulting-room, there is a refreshment-stall doubtless destined to solace the pains of

many a tiny sufferer. The staircases, built throughout in the same way for the special purpose of making ascent and descent easy to the sightless, are in parallel pairs, each having its own hand-rail on either side. The dispensary is on the same floor, and the patient passes to it and finally into the street without having once retraced his steps or met with a single door or angle.

Here, then, is a magnificent hospital equipped with everything that modern inventiveness and ingenuity can create, and officered by surgeons of the most highly trained and specialised skill. What human thought and human hands can do is here achieved, in the fierce combat with the enemy before which, alas, Science must sometimes bow her head in the despair of impotence! As I write one such scene comes to me, as it does



OUT-PATIENTS IN THE WAITING-HALL.

often at night. He to whom the catastrophe had come was a common hard-working carpenter, whose face bore some traces of thought and sensibility. He was told with infinite tenderness by the surgeon that there was nothing much to be done for him just then, and that it was of little use for him to come again. The man stood for an instant as if turned to marble, and we who were watching him with difficulty restrained a movement of sympathy. Then—the man must have had a rare vein of self-discipline and heroism—with the completest composure he asked that the sentence, which in pity had been withheld, should be decisively uttered.

Happily, the brighter transactions are of more constant occurrence, and nowhere will you find more genial men of science or more manly and grateful sons of toil. Apropos of the virtue of a genial manner, the episode of the "bargee" comes to my mind. No persuasion or terrifying threats could induce the man to undergo an operation, of which, like more refined persons, he had an unconquerable horror. There seemed to be nothing for the surgeon and his assistants to do but to leave him to the fate which was swiftly coming upon him. At this juncture there enters another surgeon, a big, clean-shaven man,



IN ONE OF THE WARDS.

whose somewhat blusterous entrance and a certain swinging freedom of gait make you ask, wonderingly, "What does that sea-captain do here?" Meanwhile, his colleagues are putting the desperation of the case before him, and as he listens, a smile comes into his strong sterling face. Then he sings out to the astounded bargee, "Why, chappie, it's not a big job. No stiffening of timbers needed; merely a streak or so to shift, and the old craft she'll be seaworthy again. A little repair saves a lot of work on the 'gridiron'—eh? But you see how it is!" And not only did the bargee fetch out a chaste and appropriate consent, but he went so far, on his recovery, as to present his nautical light-bearer with a neat little frame of his own handiwork enclosing, if I remember rightly, a quotation from the Book of Job.

F. H. L.

A MISSIONARY FROM UGANDA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. R. H. WALKER.

Uganda is so interesting to English people at this moment—indeed, is likely to be for some time—that fresh information about it, gathered on the spot, is really valuable. It was this consideration (writes a representative of the *Illustrated London News*) that took me the other forenoon to see the Rev. R. H. Walker, the missionary who has just returned from a five years' residence in Mwanga's land. I also saw Mika Sematimba, the bright Mganda "boy" Mr. Walker has brought home with him, but unfortunately we could not speak each other.

Mika Sematimba, while he is now almost reconciled to the wearing of boots, has got no further with Queen's English than an amiable "Thank you." Most probably I shall never be able to say even that in the Luganda of this "boy," who is a boy only in the Afrikander sense. He is twenty-eight, has a wife and two children, and among his own people is a chief of importance.

"What have you to say about the retention of Uganda?" I began to Mr. Walker.

"Of course, I think very strongly that we ought to retain it. I say this as a missionary purely: I do not speak in the least from the imperial or the political point of view. Other people I leave to do that."

"Just so. Will you give me shortly your reasons for retention?"

"Saving the British East Africa Company, there is no strong governing party in the country. If the English were to withdraw, government would, between the divided and contending parties, sink into chaos. Having regard to the progress Uganda has made under Christian teaching, it would be a sad thing if it were to go back to its old position."

"Which you think it more or less would?"

"To begin with, at least two thousand of the native Christians would leave the country. The best to be expected would be their being allowed to do so peaceably. The heathen section of the natives and the Mohammedans might interfere with them—many troubles might arise. Then our departure would bring about the resumption of the slave trade, of which in other days Uganda was a great centre. In the very nature of things, the raiding for slaves, their capture, and sale would take foot again, because there would be nobody to say nay."

"You are dead against giving up Uganda, and that for Uganda's sake?"

"Quite so. If the country is retained it should be ruled through the native chiefs, as the British East Africa Company has ruled it; in fine, it cannot, I should say, be ruled in any other way. That being so, it is satisfactory that the best among the Baganda—those who make the backbone of the

country—are emphatically anxious for retention. They recognise what would happen if the English were to withdraw."

"What you say suggests to me the question of your estimate of the Baganda. Are they an intelligent and worthy race?"

"King Mwanga is, I imagine, now much removed from the despotic creature Mtesa was?"

"Mwanga might to-day order his chiefs to have this subject or the other butchered, but his order would not in the least be likely to be obeyed. Mika tells me that he does not

quite know where Mwanga got his present wives—in raids in one quarter or another, no doubt—but he says the king is not likely to get any more. Nothing could better show the change which has come about, even in reference to the king and his wives."

"Then what is Mwanga's kingly position at present—somewhat shaky to all appearance?"

"He is powerful in this way, that he always brings his following to whatever side he favours. He is very friendly with the Protestants—at all events, he was when I left Uganda; but perhaps it would not be doing him a wrong to say his cue is to be most friendly where he thinks he can reap most advantage. He is a shrewd man, always on the outlook for the better chance, and he can read fairly well. His palace is a series of the usual straw huts, and he lives by tribute on his subjects—tribute in kind, such as cattle, ivory, clothes, or bark. There are no coins in circulation in Uganda, but there is a certain circulation of shells, brought from the coast, which represent a given value."

"How about the kingly appearance?—is Mwanga an imposing-looking personage?"

"I'll describe his dress for you. He wears a white kanza, coming down to his heels, over that a little European coat, below it a loin-cloth. He has a coloured turban, and his shoes—sandals really—are of buffalo, with leopard-skin thongs. The leopard-skin thongs are a badge of royalty, and Mwanga's sister is the only other person in Uganda I have seen wearing them. What would happen to anybody not royal who wore the leopard-skin I don't quite know—only nobody dares to."

"From the king to the mass of the people—are they well dressed?"

"Oh, yes. One is at once struck with that. All the men in the higher classes wear clothes of calico, always washed very clean; while the lower classes of men, the women, and the boys are dressed in bark-cloth. As its name implies, bark-cloth is made from the bark of a tree. There is this disadvantage to it, that water spoils it entirely. Of Uganda as a country, apart from the people, I might say that it is green and has good soil. In the valleys there are tall trees and plenty of pasture, and the hills are covered with grass, which gets very rank towards the summits. Rain is plentiful—the result, in a measure anyhow, of the fertility of Uganda. The clouds coming over from the Indian Ocean meet with a volume of cold air, arising from there being such a covering of grass to the earth, and fall as rain. In neighbouring countries, where the soil is arid, there is nothing to prevent the radiation of heat, and so the clouds from the Indian Ocean rise higher, and pass over without dropping their moisture, as in Uganda. Such, at all events, is my theory."

"As a country pure and simple, Uganda, I take it, from



THE REV. R. H. WALKER, MISSIONARY AT UGANDA, AND MIKA SEMATIMBA.

"Both intelligent and worthy—a race with whom, speaking from my fairly exhaustive experience of them, much might be done. You can see for yourself what kind of man Mika Sematimba is. There are many of the Baganda able to take a thoroughly intelligent part in government. I once asked Captain Lugard his opinion of a chief, Zakaria Kizito, who went with him up to Kavalli. 'Oh,' said the Captain, 'he's as sound as a bell,' meaning he was not only intelligent and capable but thoroughly trustworthy. It was Zakaria Kizito who made a map I have of a part of the continent some distance from Uganda. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when Christian missionaries first went to Uganda, there was no written Luganda language. Now ten thousand of the population, at all events, are able to read their language."

"Tell me, if you will, some of the changes which have taken place in the ways of living of the Baganda since the missionaries entered among them."

"I have already alluded to the stamping out of Uganda as a centre of the slave trade, and with that went other barbarities. In times gone by women used to make part and portion of the tribute levied by the king. Then all men took—by force, of course—as many wives as they liked, the wives being merely domestic slaves. Polygamy is still the rule with the heathen and Mohammedan sections of the community, but a Protestant or Roman Catholic has only one wife, and is married in church. Mika Sematimba, you might care to know, got his wife in a raid on a neighbouring people. That was, I need not say, before he became a Christian."



FORT OF KAMPALA, WITH SUMMIT OF MENGÖ AND HOUSES OF THE KING.



MTESA'S TOMB AND RESIDENCE OF PROTESTANT PRINCESS NALINGA.

your remarks, is promising? Could it ever be colonised by whites?"

"I doubt very much if it could. I don't think whites could work at physical labour in the open in Uganda. Outdoor work must be done by the natives, which brings me back

to my point—that is, through the natives the country must be both ruled and developed. Corn, coffee, maize, and so on are cultivable to an enormous extent in Uganda, which from its geographical position is a centre for the collection of the produce of Central Africa."

"Might I ask when are you going back to Uganda?"

"In a year, if the Church Missionary Society agree to it. If England retains Uganda, the people I have been working among will be there to go to. If not, I shall go to them, wherever they may move."

"A last query—is our use of the word Uganda correct?"

"No; Buganda—pronounced Booganda—is the name. Uganda is the name Stanley heard the country called by the coast people, and it has come into general use here. A Maganda is a single native, Baganda means the race, Luganda is the language."

Before I left Mika Sematimba said "Buganda," so that I might understand how melodious the name of his far-away land sounds in the mouth of one of its own people.

SKETCHES FROM UGANDA.

We present, according to the promise last week, a few more sketches, by Mr. F. C. Smith, one of the party of the Church Missionary Society's agents in Uganda, representing the capital of that country and its suburbs; with the houses of King Mwanga's palace on the hill of Mengo; the hill of Rubaga, formerly occupied by the palace of the late King Mtesa, and by the premises of the Roman Catholic Mission; the hill of Namirembe, with the large Protestant church on its summit and the English missionaries' houses on its slope; and Fort Kampala, the residence of the British East Africa Company's agent, who is to be relieved by Sir Gerald Portal, her Majesty's Consul-General and Foreign Office Agent at Zanzibar, proceeding to Uganda on a special political mission.



CHURCH ON THE HILL OF NAMIREMBE AND HOUSES OF ENGLISH MISSIONARIES.

Uganda is an extensive country in the interior of Eastern Equatorial Africa, occupying with its dependent provinces the greater part of the northern and western shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is distant from the sea-coast at Mombasa, the commercial port and headquarters of the British East Africa Company, nearly six hundred miles in a straight line to the north-west; the land journey to Kavirondo, on the eastern shore of the lake, occupies fully one month before crossing the lake in boats. The north-westerly route to Uganda from Mombasa is entirely through the territory of the British East Africa Company. Preliminary surveys for the construction of a railway along part of this route have been made at the expense of the British Government.

Whether the proposed railway, traversing a desert with scanty, miserable tribes here and there, and with no gold or valuable minerals, would ever pay its cost, may hereafter be considered. From the nearer shore of the lake, if steam-boats were placed there, the capital of Uganda, which is a fertile and populous country, would be easily accessible. Mengo, as it is now called, Rubaga under Mtesa's reign, is situated on the north shore, fronting a group of small islands. It is not a single town, but consists of several villages, the houses built of pole-and-bough frames with straw, on the several different hills above named. The population of this country, estimated at five millions, may be divided by race into the aristocratic Wahuma, probably of Abyssinian origin, the Waganda, genuine native Africans, with dark chocolate-coloured skins and woolly hair, and the Wasoga, who seem to have more affinity with the tribes east of the Upper Nile. The Waganda are intelligent and industrious, cultivating the soil, working in iron, wood, leather, pottery, and basket-work. Their military force is scarcely equal to that of the adjacent kingdom of Unyoro.



THE KING'S LAKE, WITH THE HILLS OF RUBAGA AND MENG.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It seems that my remarks on Mr. Jerome's snake story, published in the November number of the *Idler*, have excited a very large amount of interest among the readers of this column. Quite a batch of correspondence has reached me on this topic, and the net result of the evidence presented by the letters I have received is, in its way, striking. First and foremost, there is no doubt of a story on exactly similar lines to that presented by Mr. Jerome having appeared in the *Hawk*. This is confirmed by one correspondent, Mr. Frank A. Dunlop, who wrote a similar tale (the manuscript of which he sends me) six weeks before the *Hawk* version appeared. Mr. Dunlop had heard the tale, three years ago, from a lady who, he thinks, actually knew the persons figuring in a real drama of this kind. His tale, read by a friend who had perused the *Hawk* story, was regarded as a plagiarism from that journal, until Mr. Dunlop explained to his friend the priority he justly claimed in the matter. Mr. Dunlop, I may add, had unsuccessfully submitted his tale—which is graphically told—to the editor of a magazine.

Another correspondent, dating his letter from the Constitutional Club, says this python story "is as old as the hills." He remembers it being told him by an Anglo-Indian lady a quarter of a century ago. A stuffed cobra had been placed in the room, and this effigy had attracted a live one. The lady, in this recital, died of fright. A correspondent writing from Edinburgh remembers a similar story being related in a magazine several years ago. Yet another lady, dating her letter from Wimbledon, tells me that thirty years ago a similar story was related to her in the house of her brother-in-law, the scene being laid in America. From South Devon a clergyman sends me a different version of the story, the scene being laid in Honduras. In this case the live python tried to force an entrance through the window; the lady, however, was not killed, her husband arriving in time to frighten away the snake. Finally, a City correspondent points out that in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" the comradeship of snakes is duly mentioned: "Wherever you leave dead snake its mate always comes there and curls round it," says Huck.

Now, these details are highly interesting, because they dispose of the idea of plagiarism on the part of anybody who has written a snake story on the lines of Mr. Jerome's tale. The fact is that the incident of the live snake seeking its dead fellow and killing the lady is an old, well-known, and widely told story, and one writer after another has apparently seized upon the incident as the central idea of a romance, and has woven round it various details differing as to locality, time, and other points. I suspect many cases of so-called plagiarism are susceptible of like explanation. It is not that one man copies another: it is that both have drawn their inspiration from a common, anterior, and established source.

Regarding the idea of snakes seeking out a dead comrade, which was really the scientific point to which my remarks were directed, a variety of opinions are expressed by my correspondents. Sir William Moore, M.D., tells me that in many parts of India the natives believe that snakes, and especially cobras, go about in pairs—male and female, I presume. In snake-frequented districts, where one snake is killed, another is almost sure to be seen or killed within a day or two. Sir W. Moore adds that this may, of course, be simply the result of increased watchfulness, as orders are always given to the night-watchman to look out for the fellow-snake. He thinks, however, that "the fellow-snake always searches for its mate." One of my lady correspondents says that, while the native belief in India is strong on the point of snake-comradeship, she never once saw the expected second snake, although, in the course of a long residence in India, she saw many cobras killed.

The most practical contribution to the discussion has been sent me by the lady who writes from Wimbledon. In the course of a long and most interesting letter, this lady mentions the current native belief to which allusion has already been made. Her practical experiences are deserving of the notice of naturalists. On one occasion, on going to fetch her gloves and handkerchief from her drawing-room (she was then residing in the Bombay Presidency), she saw in the dim light what she took to be a kind of shadow resting on the table, placed near a window, on which the gloves and handkerchief were lying. Calling for lights, the shadow was discovered to be a black cobra, which her husband killed, the body being thrown out into the compound, where it lay not far from the window. The next morning the lady's little boy was playing in the same room, near the open window, when his dog began to bark furiously at some object near the sideboard. A close examination showed a live snake coiled up on a ledge of the sideboard near the ground. This was another cobra of the same kind as that killed the night before, and was pronounced to be of the opposite sex to its dead comrade.

On a second occasion a snake was killed in this lady's presence, the reptile having entangled itself in the narrow laths of a shutter. On the same night or on the following night she observed in the same room certain curious creases in the floor-matting. These creases moved, as if the matting had been disturbed by the wind. Soon a snake appeared from under the matting and made its way along the wainscot towards the lady. The animal was killed, and was found to be of the same species (not a cobra) as that which had been despatched the night or so before. Again the second snake was found to be of a different sex from the first.

After all, it is by no means a far-fetched idea that the companionship of snakes is both real in its nature and founded upon affinities and laws of sex such as are of the most natural description. If, as my correspondent suggests, snakes associate in pairs, male and female, it needs no great exercise of scientific faith to see how and why, when one is killed, its mate should seek it out, or at least endeavour to discover the whereabouts of its missing comrade. Regarding the means whereby the live snake is enabled to trace its neighbour, it is, of course, impossible to speak with certainty. Snakes, as far as I know, have not a very highly developed sense of smell; yet it would be rash to dogmatise and to assert that the finding of a mate is not effected by aid of the olfactory sense. In lower life so many ways and means exist of accurately tracking out comrades and neighbours that our own relatively limited senses and powers will bear no comparison with those of many animals. The delicacy of the dog's sense of smell, for instance, is something we cannot even estimate, far less understand; and it may be that in the cold-blooded snake there exist sensory qualities, or even traces of affection and companionship, of which, as things are, we do not even dream.

Since writing the above, another lady correspondent sends me a graphic account of the common adder or viper, with reference to its habit of associating in pairs. She saw an adder killed near Penzance. The gardener who killed it predicted the appearance of a second, which duly appeared, this last being of a different sex from that first killed. The peasantry, my correspondent adds, have a firm belief in this paired nature of vipers, which is quite reasonable, as we have above noted.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

J. W. SHAW (Montreal).—Many thanks for papers and postcard. We are not surprised at your opinion of Lasker; it is fully justified by events.

C. G. MULLER.—Your problem is not forgotten, but we have had so many to examine that the turn of your amended position has not yet come.

C. E. P.—If L. B takes B, to K 3rd, threatening Q takes P (ch) and stopping mate in three moves. You may rely upon our assurance that the problem is perfectly right, and this must be our final reply.

N. K. (Glasgow).—Your problem shall be examined, but four-move positions are unfashionable, and it will have to be something very good to induce us to publish one.

Mrs. EDGAR BROWNE (Liverpool).—In No. 233, if Kt to B sq, Black replies with P to Kt 6th, and no mate in three moves follows. The solution published is the only one to the problem.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD (Brighton).—We congratulate you upon your success, which shall be noticed in our next Number.

BLAIR H. COCHERAN (Clewer).—In No. 233, if I. R to K sq, B to K 7th, 2. R to Q sq, I takes P, and no mate follows.

C. BURNETT (Briegleswade).—We very carefully read all letters sent us; but if every solver who fails to find the correct answer challenges our decision there will be little chess in this column. All your solutions are wrong.

W. DAVID (Cardiff).—We do not object to postcards.

DR. F. ST.—Thanks for amended diagram, which shall be examined.

WOODLIER (Glasgow).—No, it is not so. The Pawn becoming Queen does not stop mate in three.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2331 received from B. K. ROY (Calcutta); of No. 234 from F. A. HOLLOWAY (Grand Rapids, Mich.), and MEDIEUS (Philadelphia); of No. 235 from F. A. HOLLOWAY; of No. 236 from an Old Lady (PATERSON, U.S.A.) and J. W. SHAW (Montreal); of No. 237 from DR. F. ST., M. A. EYRE (FOLKESTONE), K. TEMPLAR, and W. P. HIND; of No. 238 from WALTER W. HOOPER (PLYMOUTH), ARNOTT, A. W. HAMILTON-GELL (EXETER), W. R. B. (PLYMOUTH), HOWICH, A. F. FORDE (CLOONE), W. DAVID (CARDIFF), G. T. HUGHES (WATERFORD), T. T. BLYTHE, C. M. A. B., CAPTAIN J. A. CHALLICE (GREAT YARMOUTH), HENRY BUTTIGNONI (TRUSTE), and WEIGEL (BERLIN).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2339 received from SHADSFORTH, JOSEPH WILCOCK (CHESTER), L. DESANGES, R. R. BAILEY, DR. F. ST., C. M. A. B., ALPHA, MRS. KELLY (KELLY), F. R. FERNANDO (GLASGOW), HEREWARD, COLUMBUS, J. COAD, BINET, C. E. PERGMINI, R. S. STEWART, MRS. WILSON (PLYMOUTH), F. J. KNIGHT, J. F. MOON, W. R. B. (PLYMOUTH), ALBERTON, E. E. H. M. BURKE, VICTORINO AOIZ Y DEL FRAZ, E. LOUDEN, ANGLIN, R. WORTERS (CANTERBURY), W. WRIGHT, H. B. HURFORD, E. BYGOTT (SANDBACH), R. H. BROOKS, ODHAM CLUB, SORRENTO (DAWLSHAW), JULIA SHORT (EXETER), JOSEPH T. PULLEN (LAunceston), T. ROBERTS, T. T. BLYTHE, J. B. S. BARRATT, T. H. WILLIAM (BRIGHTON), J. W. BLAGG, W. GUY, jun. (JOHNSTONE), ALFRED BUCKLAW, J. N. DURIE (BRADFORD), MARTIN F. G. JOYLEY, A. W. HAMILTON-GELL, JOHN M. ROBERT (CROSSGAR), REV. JOHN W. BROWN, DAWN, H. S. BRANDRETH, A. NEWMAN, K. TEMPLAR, and J. DIXON.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2538.—By DR. F. STEINGASS.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q sq
2. K to B 3rd
3. P mates

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Kt to B 3rd and P or Kt mates.

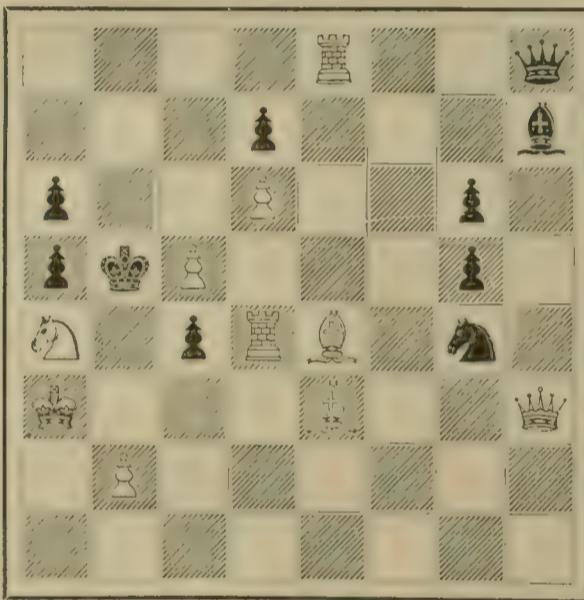
BLACK.

- K takes Kt
- Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2541.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. L. VAN VLIET and an AMATEUR.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Amateur.)	BLACK (Mr. V. V.)	WHITE (Amateur.)	BLACK (Mr. V. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th
2. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	14. P to K 3rd	

This move loses the game by force. It was absolutely necessary to play P to Q B 3rd, preventing, later on, Black's crushing move of Kt to Q 5th.

7. B takes B	Generally dangerous against a strong opponent.	15. R takes Kt	R takes Kt
8. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes B	16. P takes R	Kt to Q 5th

Waste of time. Kt to K 2nd at once was the right play.

8. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd	17. Q to B sq	Kt takes P (ch)
9. Kt to K 2nd	Castles (K R)	18. K to R sq	B takes R
10. Kt to K 3rd	P to K R 3rd	19. Q takes B	Q to R 5th

There is nothing better. If Q to Kt 2nd, Black replies with Kt takes B.

11. Kt to B 3rd	R to B 2nd	20. Kt to Kt 4th	
12. B to Q 2nd	Q R to K B sq	21. Q takes R (ch)	K takes Q

Black wins.

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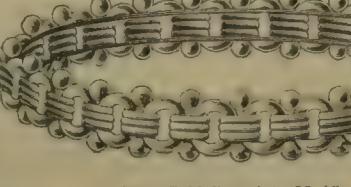
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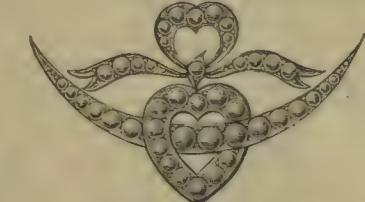


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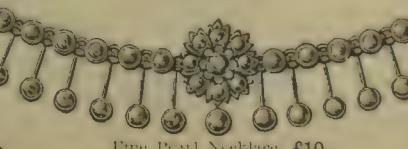
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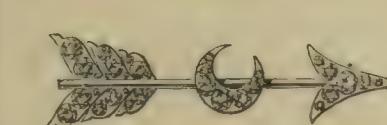


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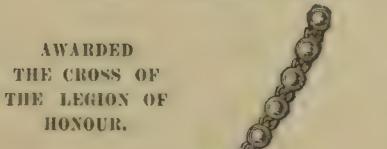
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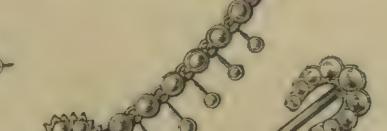


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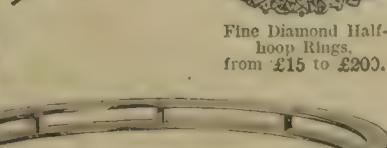
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

People are beginning to understand that in the almost unnoticed death of Dr. Hort the Church of England has lost, perhaps, her chief glory—the most learned theologian in Europe. It is matter for satisfaction that his Hulsean lectures are nearly ready for publication. But his method of work was not compatible with rapidity of production. As Professor Ryle has said, "He trusted to no second-hand information. On subjects so vitally important, he was resolved in all cases to go to the fountain-head itself. His quotations he verified himself; the books he referred to he had studied himself. The great mass of his work was therefore the skilled excavation of material which was needed as evidence in the elucidation of those principles in textual criticism and ecclesiastical history at which he had arrived by patient study and by long deliberation." The same writer most truly and fitly observes that in Germany, in Holland, in America, as well as in Britain, New Testament scholars will feel that in the death of Dr. Hort the world of letters has lost the Christian scholar that could least be spared, *the voice that, wherever it made itself heard, all were compelled to give attention to.*

Much interest is felt in the question of the successionship to Dr. Hort. Professor Stanton's name naturally suggests itself, but it is said he will not compete. Mr. Moule is an eminent Evangelical theologian; Dr. Mason and Dr. Watson have also written important books; and Professor Lumby has done good work; but Mr. Armitage Robinson, the new editor of the Cambridge Bible, has strong claims. His comparative youth may be deemed an objection.

The memoir of Bishop Lightfoot for the "Dictionary of National Biography" was written by Dr. Hort. The effort exhausted him, and brought on a relapse from which he did not recover.

The recently published Early Christian document, "The Gospel of Peter," is naturally attracting attention. It was discovered four years ago in the Early Christian cemetery of Elkhmim, a well-known town in Upper Egypt, but has only just been published. Translations, with comments, by Professor Rendel Harris and Mr. Armitage Robinson, have been published. Supposing it established that this is the lost Gospel of Peter, it confirms the conclusions of orthodox critics, and still further weakens the contentions of the school represented in this country by Mrs. Humphry Ward and others. It throws back still further the date of the Gospels, and in particular confirms Professor Sanday's arguments for the Johannine origin of the Fourth Gospel. Too much should not be taken for granted, however. It is not certain—at least; not absolutely certain—that the lost Gospel of Peter has been recovered.

Mrs. Humphry Ward appeals for a subscription of £1000 a year to keep her Hall in working order. She speaks with satisfaction of the results so far, and refers with special enthusiasm to the lectures of Dr. Martineau.

Bishop Wordsworth has hardly been forgiven for his part in the prosecution of Bishop Forbes and Mr. P. Cheyne. It is also recalled that he was elected to the bishopric by himself—

at least, he voted for himself when there was a tie. But by the end of his life he was in charity with all men. His funeral, in the cathedral churchyard of St. Andrews, on Friday, Dec. 9, was attended by the Bishops of Glasgow and Edinburgh, who performed the service, with the Bishop of Brechin, Primate of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, the Dean of St. Andrews, and many of the clergy, besides a large number of friends coming from all parts of the country.

A High Church bishop in America has published an attack on Bishop Phillips Brooks, who remains as decided a Broad Churchman as before his elevation to the Bench. He demands that Bishop Brooks should be rebaptised. "His status as a baptised man is open to doubt, as the service was said without denial to have been performed by a Unitarian minister." Dr. Brooks has been asked to submit to hypothetical baptism, and has refused. He has also taken part in Unitarian services; has denied baptismal regeneration, and has pronounced apostolical succession a fiction: The hope is expressed that the Bishop "may be brought to his senses and encouraged to repent, or compelled to retire." V.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On the Brighton and South Coast Railway, the availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Monday, also the Saturday and Sunday to Monday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Tuesday, Dec. 27.

Special Saturday and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton and to Dieppe.

On Dec. 23, 24, and 26 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, &c. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back.

On Boxing Day, Monday, Dec. 26, day trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton and from Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Worthing, and Brighton to London.

For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, grand pantomime, &c., extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's offices, Ludgate Circus, 415, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son's, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Meyers' offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

ART NOTES.

The restrictions under which the professional artist is condemned to pursue his ideal do not exist for the amateur, and we may therefore accept Mr. H. B. Brabazon as the exponent of new English art unshackled by the public taste. The drawings which he exhibits at the Goupil Gallery are doubtless very interesting, and to those acquainted with the places of which these casual notes have been made they recall vividly enough the scene. On the other hand, he must be endowed with more than usual powers of perception and arrangement who could out of the impressions so vividly transferred to paper by Mr. Brabazon carry away with him any definite idea of the Lago Maggiore, the summit of the Riggi, or the hillsides of Amalfi. In these sketches, if kept in his portfolio, the artist might at any time have found materials for finished drawings which would have been as acceptable to the public as these dashes of paint are intelligible to the painter. That Mr. Brabazon can paint with a careful brush and in a way which shows he appreciates the more received methods is evidenced by such delicately finished sketches as the "Sunset in Sussex" (63), some of his church studies, and the view of Amalfi from the Capuchin Convent. But even judged by his own method Mr. Brabazon is not always to be relied on as a sure guide. For example, the dark black shadow shown by the cow on the mountain-top (12) is quite incompatible with the bright blue-tipped hills which lie before the spectator, and under a sun which has but just begun to decline, and has lost none of its mid-day brilliancy.

In presence of the increasing demands of the publishers, both of books and periodicals, it is very satisfactory to find that the exhibition of Black and White at the St. James's Gallery (King Street, St. James's) should maintain the standard which ten successful years have established. A goodly number of new names will be found among the exhibitors, and some few which are well known. Among the latter, Mr. J. Fulleylove, Mr. Vincent Yglesias, and Mrs. Gemmell must be mentioned as the most successful, although Miss Marian Logsdail's pen-and-ink drawings of Venice are perhaps the most highly finished works in the room. Mr. J. C. Dolman's series of twelve drawings illustrative of that amusement so dear to Anglo-Indians known as "pig-sticking" are full of humour and careful study of the habits of both the sportsmen and their quarry; but probably Mr. G. L. Seymour's more homely studies of London park and street life will appeal to a wider public. Mr. Seymour's best and most subject, however, is from the streets of Cairo, through which an "Eastern guard" is marching. Every face is a study of character, and the scene is full of life and movement. Mr. Walter Botham's cattle pieces and farm subjects are also admirable, and promise to the young artist a successful future, if only he can maintain his present level. Mr. Thomas Percy's "St. Ives," Mr. Shaw Crompton's "Brass Bazaar at Cairo," and Mr. Walter Paget's scenes from "Robinson Crusoe" are among the other dainty bits offered to the public at this exhibition.

The Art Union of London is determined to make an effort to sustain its popularity, revived by the publications of the



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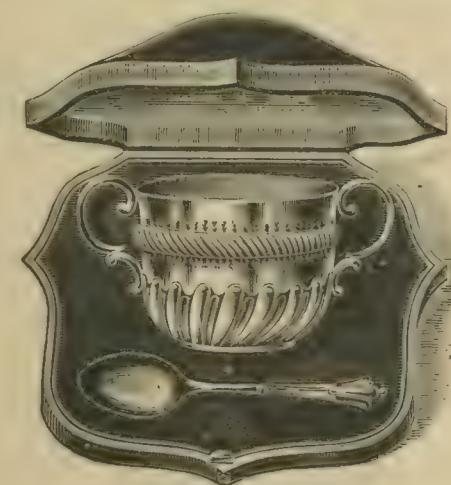
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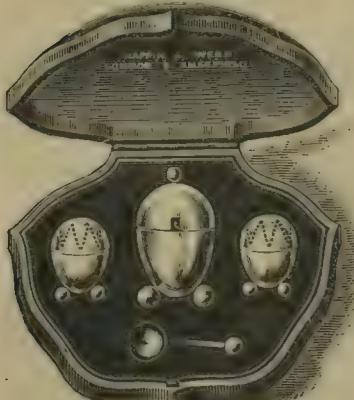
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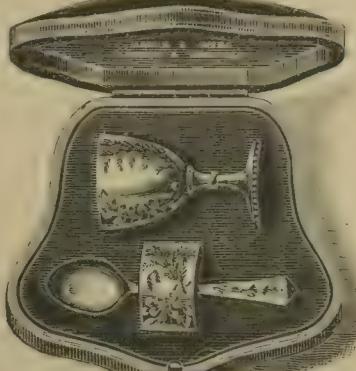
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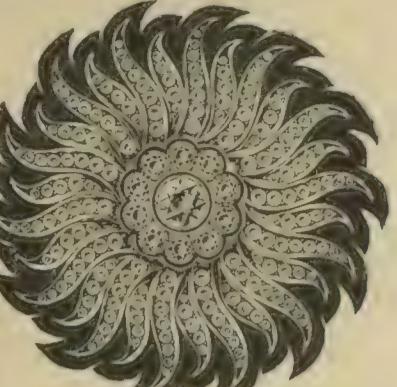
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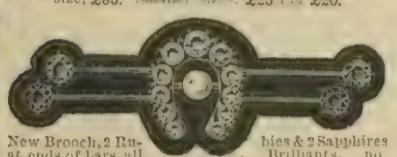
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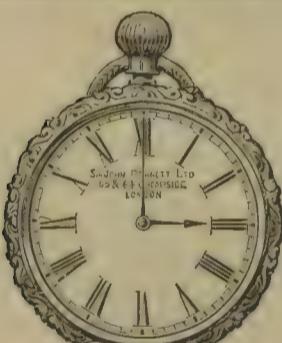


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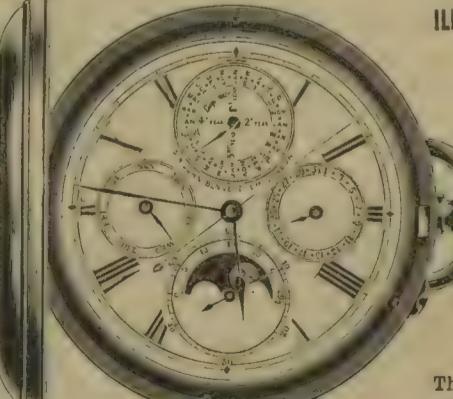
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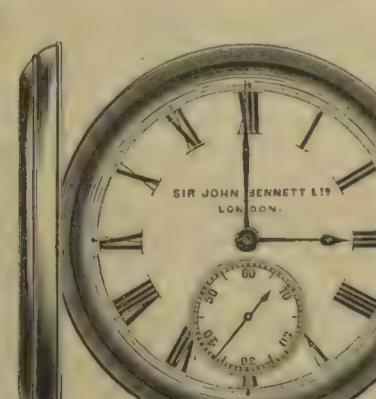


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and Aug. 7, 1891) of Mr. Francis Edmond, LL.D., of Kingswell, in the parish of Newhills, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on Sept. 11, granted to Mrs. Mary Edmond, the widow, John Edmond, the son, Sir William Duguid Geddes, LL.D., William Alexander, LL.D., and Gray Campbell Fraser, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 16, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £30,000.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1890), of Mr. Chaloner William Chute, D.L., J.P., late of The Vyne, Basingstoke, Hants, who died on May 30, was proved on Dec. 5 by Arthur John Lyde Chute, the brother, and William Wyndham Portal, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator appoints, as to £10,000 which he is entitled to charge on the Vyne estate, £2000 to his daughter, Rachel, and £4000 each to his sons, John and Anthony. He bequeaths £300 and all his linen, horses and carriages, to his wife, and she may take such of his plate and furniture as she may select at a valuation; a pearl necklace to his wife for life, and then to go with the Vyne estate; the remainder, his plate, furniture, pictures, and effects is also to go with the Vyne estate; and his farming stock, upon trust, for the benefit of the person who shall succeed to the Vyne estate. All his real estate he devises to the trustees of and upon the trusts of his marriage settlement, with remainder to his wife for life, with remainder to his heirs-at-law. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust to

pay an annuity of £165 to Walter Workman, one of £20 to Mrs. Fisher, and the remainder of the income to his wife for life, and, subject thereto, for his children, as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated June 15, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 26, 1892), of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, late of Binbrook, Lincolnshire, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Nov. 29 by Woodthorpe Johnson Clarke, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consolidated annuities, in trust, from time to time as necessity arises, to apply the annual income towards supplying a competent nurse or nurses for the sick poor of Binbrook for ever, and a yearly statement of the disposal of the said income is to be posted within the parish church of Binbrook; and legacies to sister and other relatives, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said son.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1890), with a codicil (dated June 16, 1892), of Mr. Frederick Thomas Veley, late of Chelmsford, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Nov. 24 by Augustus Cunningham, Edward Holmes, and George Brinsley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator devises the perpetual advowson and next presentation of Aythorpe Rothing, Essex, to his daughter Gertrude Elizabeth; and he bequeaths £150 to the dispensary at Chelmsford, on condition that the vicar of St. John's, Moulsham, receives six letters of recommendation annually for out-patients, to be distributed by him among the

poor of Moulsham; £150 to the infirmary at Chelmsford, on condition that the said vicar receives annually one letter of recommendation for an in-patient, to be given by him to some poor person resident in Moulsham; annuities of £300 each to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Maria Langley Veley, and his daughters, Juliana and Gertrude Elizabeth; an annuity of £100 to his sister, Julia Morse; and many other bequests to his wife, children, grandchildren, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the Baddow estate, his interest in the business of Crabb, Veley, and Co., and the Lorrimore estate, Walworth, he leaves to his wife and to his children, Juliana, Arthur Curtis, Gertrude Elizabeth, and Herbert Victor.

The will (dated May 1, 1891) of Mrs. Maria Pretyman, late of Felixstowe House, 2, The Avenue, Upper Norwood, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Nov. 19 by John Venn and Charles William Powell, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her brothers, and to a nephew, and to servants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her three sisters, Mrs. Venn, Mrs. Rutter, and Mrs. Powell, and certain of their children.

The will of Mr. John Brend Winterbotham, late of Cheltenham, who died on July 4, was proved on Nov. 17 by Mrs. Emily Seife Winterbotham, the widow, and James Batten Winterbotham, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,180.

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The cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday Tickets issued to and from London and the Seaside on Dec. 23, 24, and 25, and the Saturday and Sunday to Monday Tickets issued from London on Dec. 24 and 25, will be available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 27.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, Dec. 23, 24, and 25. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4:55 p.m. and London Bridge a.p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). Also to Newports, Cowes on 23rd and 26th only.

CHRISTMAS DAY, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 6:50 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 7:30 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8:25 a.m. Fast Train to London (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY including CHRISTMAS DAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10:45 a.m. and 12:15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class.

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CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAINS.—A Special Train will leave Victoria 11:55 p.m., and London Bridge at Midnight, Dec. 24, for Brighton, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

A Special Train will leave London Bridge 3:30 a.m. (25th) for Brighton, calling at East Croydon and Red Hill Junction (1st and 2nd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations from London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, France, and the Continent, &c.—The Company's West-End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 45, West Strand, 98, Gracechurch Street, Euston Road, and 82, Oxford Street. Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill. Jakins's Red Cap, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottingham Gate. Myers's, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road. The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster. Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

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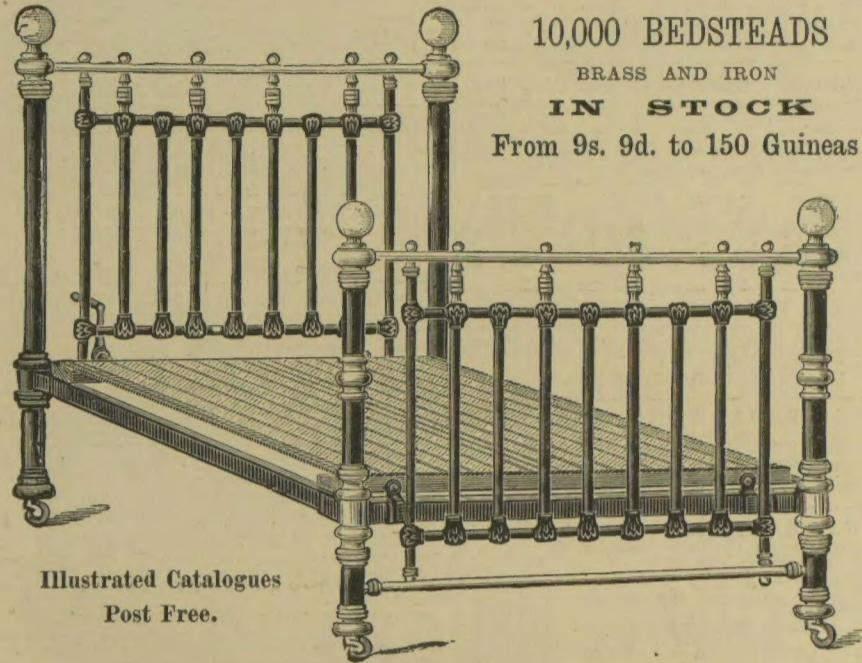
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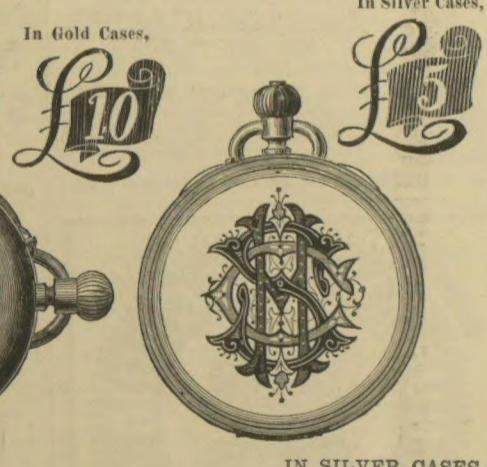
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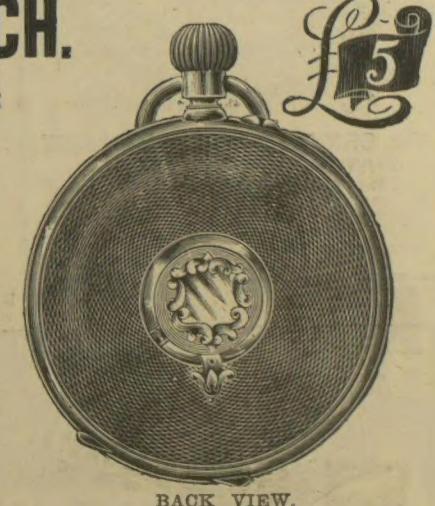
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BACK VIEW.

OBITUARY.

The Hon. W. H. Cross, son of Viscount Cross, who had for four years represented the West Derby Division of Liverpool in the Conservative interest, died on Sunday, Dec. 11, aged thirty-six.

Glasgow has lost the secretary of its Fine Art Gallery and Museum in the person of the Rev. Dr. F. L. Robertson, of St. Andrew's parish church, who died on Dec. 10, at the age of sixty-five.

A member of the Surrey cricket eleven of many years ago has just died. Mr. F. Burbidge played for his county as long ago as 1854, when the eleven was under the captaincy of Mr. F. P. Miller. He was sixty when he passed away on Dec. 12.

Mr. Henry P. Gilbey, who extended the wine trade in

DEATH.

On Nov. 28, at Preston Grange, Haddingtonshire, John Ramage Dawson, Esq., of Balado, Kinross-shire, Lieutenant-Colonel, late of the Haddington Artillery, Southern Division R.A., second son of the late Adam Dawson, Esq., of Bonnytown, D.L. Linlithgowshire, aged 61 years.

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various new directions, and was a member of the celebrated firm of merchants, died suddenly on Monday at the age of sixty-eight. He was as generous as he was unobtrusive in the bestowal of his gifts.

One who in time past was a "Labour leader" in England died on Dec. 12 in Dublin. This was Mr. William Foreman, who latterly represented the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants in Ireland.

Mr. George Ling, a worker in the temperance cause for forty years, died at the age of sixty-one on Monday, Dec. 12.

Dr. Hawksley, one of the early founders of the Charity Organisation Society and director of the National School of Handicrafts for Destitute Boys, died at Chertsey on Dec. 12, aged seventy-one.

Major-General C. V. Jenkins, one of the now small group who took part in the Afghan War of 1842, died on Dec. 10, aged seventy, at Cruckton Hall. He retired from the colonelcy of the 19th (Prince of Wales's Own) Hussars in 1877.

Dr. J. H. Aveling, a skilful London surgeon, who had also engaged in literary pursuits, died this week. He was the brother of the inventor of the steam-roller.

Mr. David Whytock, who played an active part in the agitations for Reform in 1831, and up to recent years had retained a deep interest in politics, has just died at an advanced age.

Sir J. Bernard Burke, C.B., Ulster King of Arms (concerning whom we write more fully elsewhere), died on Dec. 13, aged seventy-seven.

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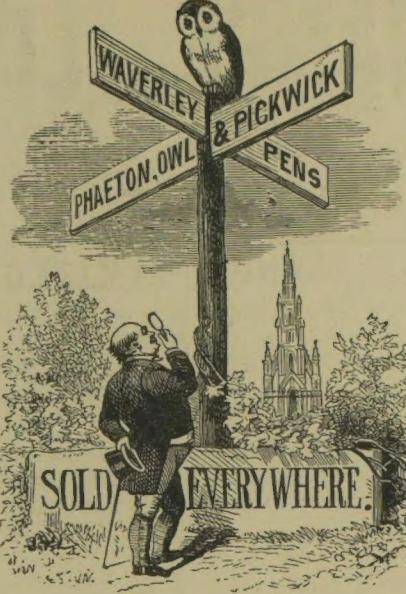
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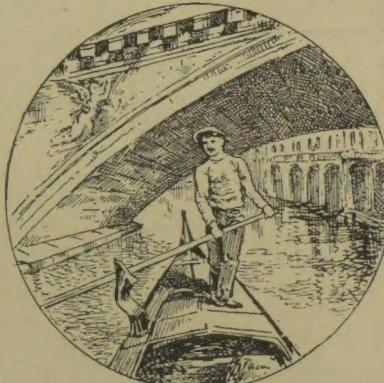


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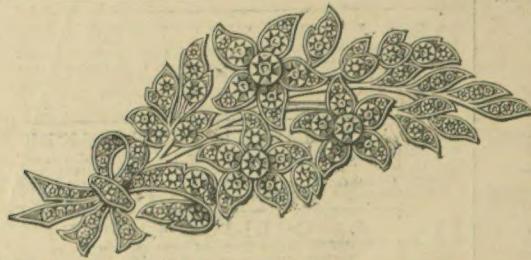
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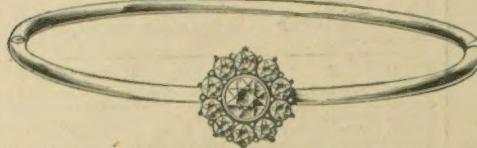
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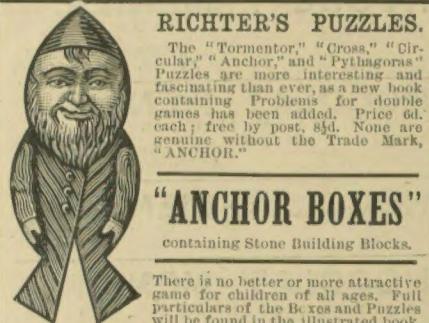
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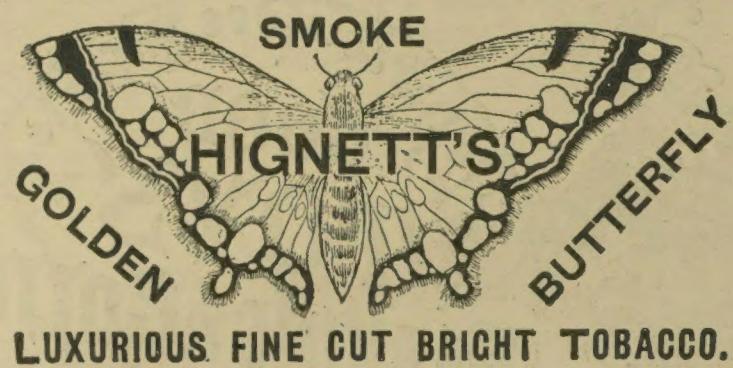
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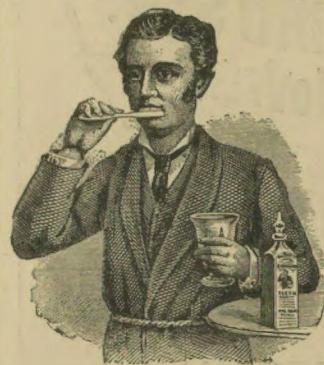
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